

HOLIWELL'S

NEW GUIDE

TO THE

CITY OF QUEBEC

AND ENVIRONS

WITH MAP OF THE CITY.



8th EDITION

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* HISTORY *

In 1534, Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier, of Saint-Malo, in France. The name is derived from "kanata," an Indian word, signifying "a collection of huts." In 1535, Jacques Cartier made a second voyage and became friendly with Donnacona, the chief of Stadacona, where Quebec now stands. Stadacona is Algonquin, and Tiontirili is Huron, both meaning "the narrowing of the river." The Saint-Lawrence is less than a mile wide opposite the city. Jacques Cartier wintered on the river Saint-Charles, called by him Sainte-Croix. His head-quarters were at the mouth of the little stream "Lairer," near the present residence of Mr. Parke, Ringfield, running into the Saint-Charles, near which, even at this day, can be seen the remains of the fortifications then erected by him. In 1541, Jacques Cartier made a third voyage, and built a fort at Cap-Rouge, the remains of which may yet be seen, and also visited Hochelaga, now Montreal. In 1608, Champlain arrived at Stada-

cona, and, landing his followers, founded the city of Quebec. No satisfactory explanation can be given of the meaning of the word. The city has been besieged five different times. In 1629, Champlain was obliged to deliver up the city, himself and followers to Sir David Kirke; but, by the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye Canada was restored to France, and Champlain returned as the governor of the colony. In October, 1690, Sir William Phipps appeared before the city and demanded its surrender, which the proud Count de Frontenac haughtily refused. After a harmless bombardment the English fleet retired. In 1711, another English fleet, under Sir Hovenden Walker sailed for Quebec, but was almost wholly destroyed by a storm in the gulf of Saint-Lawrence. For the last two deliverances the little church in the Lower Town was named Notre-Dame des Victoires.

On the 26th June, 1759, Admiral Saunders anchored his fleet and transports, with General Wolfe and the English army on board, off the Island of Orleans, then called Isle de Bacchus. The troops landed on the Island on the following day near the church of Saint-Laurent, and marched up to the west end, from which they had a view of Quebec, while the French army, under the Marquis de Montcalm, consisting of about 13,000 men, was encamped on the opposite shore of Beauport. General Moncton, with four battalions, occupied the heights of Levis, from which place he bombarded the city and laid it in ruins. General Wolfe then crossed to the mainland to the east of the River Montmorency, and on 31st July attacked the

French, and was defeated, with the loss of 182 killed, 650 wounded and 15 missing. After some delay, caused by the illness of General Wolfe, the English fleet sailed up past the city, and, on the morning of the 13th September, Wolfe landed his troops at a place below Sillery, now called Wolfe's Cove, and scaled the heights, dislodging a French guard at the top of the hill, and forming line of battle on the Plains of Abraham, opposite the city, much to the astonishment of Montcalm, who had been encamped at Beauport since the defeat of the British on the 31st July, daily expecting another attack. He hastened from there with his army by the bridge of boats across the mouth of the River St. Charles, and, at ten o'clock, both armies were engaged in conflict; which, in a short time ended in the defeat of Montcalm, who was wounded and carried into the city. Wolfe died on the field victorious, and the spot is now marked by a monument erected to his memory. Montcalm, it is supposed, died and was buried in the Ursuline Convent. The French army retreated towards Beauport and afterwards to Cap-Rouge, and, on the 18th September, the city of Quebec was surrendered to the English, and General Murray remained as governor, with a garrison force of 6,000 men. The fleet, with Wolfe's body on board, sailed for England in October.

On the 28th April, in the following year, the French army of about ten thousand men, under De Levis, appeared on the Plains of Abraham and was met by the English, under General Murray, whose force consisted of about three thousand men; sickness and death having thus greatly

reduced their numbers. The English were obliged to retire behind the fortifications of the city, but, on the 15th May, an English fleet, under Commodore Saunders, arrived with men and reinforcements, when the French army retreated and Canada became an English colony.

In 1775, Quebec was again threatened. General Arnold, with a small army of Americans, arrived on the heights of Levis by the Chaudière valley, and, on the 14th November, landed his forces at Wolfe's Cove, from which they occupied Sainte-Foy and St-Roch. General Montgomery arrived on the 1st December and took command. The garrison of Quebec, under Col. MacLean, consisted of about eighteen hundred men. The governor, Guy Carleton, under the guidance of Mr Bouchette, the father of the late Joseph Bouchette, in his lifetime Deputy Surveyor-General of the Province of Quebec, hastened down from Montreal to do his utmost to place the city in safety. Arnold occupied a house on the south side of the St-Charles river. to the east of Scott's bridge, while Montgomery established himself in Holland House, on the St-Foy road. The American troops were quartered in the suburbs of the city and even in the Intendant's Palace, at the foot of Palace Hill, which was soon reduced to ruins by the fire from the city.

On the 31st December, Montgomery advanced, with seven hundred men, along Champlain street, and came upon a barrier at which was a guard. At the approach of the Americans a cannon was fired with deadly effect, killing Montgomery, his two aides and others, causing the immediate dis-

persion of the enemy. Arnold, at the same time, advanced from St. Roch, along St. Charles street, expecting to meet Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill, and make a combined assault. Arnold occupied the houses on Sault-au-Matelot street, but was ejected by a volunteer officer, Mons. Dambourges. Arnold was wounded and taken to the General Hospital. The American loss in killed and wounded was about a hundred; four hundred and twenty-six rank and file surrendered, and were placed under guard in the Seminary. The remainder continued to occupy St. Roch till the 6th May, when reinforcements arrived from England and the siege was raised. Montgomery's body was taken to a house on St. Louis street, formerly an Indian curiosity shop, (having an inscription painted thereon, commemorating the incident, now rebuilt and occupied by the Chevalier Baillargé, city engineer), and afterwards buried at the foot of the Citadel Hill, from which it was subsequently taken and buried in New York.

In 1837, Quebec was in a state of excitement caused by the rebellion of that year. The militia were called out and the city placed under military rule, but nothing of consequence occurred. One night, however, was heard a loud ringing of bells, and it was said that the rebels had risen and would sack the place. The cause of all this alarm was, nevertheless, very simple,—the squealing of a pig in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery yard. In the following year, Messrs. Teller and Dodge two American rebel sympathizers, who were imprisoned, with three others in the Citadel, very cleverly effected their escape. Four of them let

themselves down from the flagstaff bastion, and Teller and Dodge succeeded in passing through the city gates and afterwards reached the United States.

In 1832 and 1834, Quebec was visited by that dreadful scourge, Asiatic cholera. In the latter year, the Castle St. Louis was destroyed by fire. On the 28th of May, 1845, the whole of St. Roch was also burnt down, and on the 28th June, in the same year, nearly the greater part of the St. John and St. Louis suburbs suffered a similar fate. By these two fires over \$2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, towards covering which, \$400,000 were subscribed in Canada, England and the United States, and \$500,000 were received from insurance. St. Roch, St. Sauveur and Champlain wards have, at several times, been almost wholly swept by conflagrations. In 1881, the greater part of Montcalm and St. John's wards was destroyed by fire, including St. John's church and presbytery.

In 1846, in the month of June, the theatre, formerly the Riding School attached to the Castle of St. Louis, and what is now called the Durham Terrace, was destroyed by fire during a performance, when the building was crowded, and forty-five persons lost their lives.

Quebec has often been the prey of extensive conflagrations. In 1853, the Parliament Houses were burnt down, when a large library and museum were lost. The sittings of the House were then transferred to the church of the Grey Nuns, near Gallow's Hill, which had not then been consecrated. It, however, also fell a prey to the devouring element, and the sittings were after-

wards held in the Music Hall in St. Louis street. The Parliament House was afterwards rebuilt in rather a flimsy manner, but was again destroyed by fire in 1882, and the sittings are now held in the magnificent new structure, on the Grande Allée.

Since the year 1867, the date of Confederation, Quebec has been the seat of government of the province of Quebec and the residence of the lieutenant governor, whose beautiful place, Spencer Wood, on the St. Louis road, is well worth a visit from the stranger.



THE CITY

The Terrace.

STANDING on the Terrace, the eastern part of which is called the Durham and the western the Dufferin Terrace, the beholder is presented with a view which surpasses any in any other part of the world.

The promenade is about a quarter of a mile in length and gives to the lover of exercise unrivalled opportunities of indulging therein. At the north end of the Terrace is an elevator connecting it with the Lower Town. Thither flock in the evening the beauty and fashion of the old capital and few are the cities which can vie with Quebec in the beauty of their women. Erected on it are five kiosks, named respectively Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin, and Victoria, and also one for the use of bands of music in the Summer afternoons and evenings. Being at an elevation of over two hundred feet, a magnificent panorama stretches beneath one, which at the first *coup d'œil* is almost bewildering. The River St. Lawrence, bearing on its bosom hundreds of vessels of every description, from the tiny canoe, which, from such a height, appears but a speck, to the terraced palace river boat and the huge ocean steamship, flows majestically downward to the sea. Opposite, in the distance, is the town of

Levis, crowning the cliffs higher even than those of Quebec, and where may be seen the three immense forts erected by the English government at a cost of \$2,900,000, which render an attack from the South an impracticable if not an impossible attempt. Amid the groups of houses are distinguishable churches, couvents and schools, while downward is seen the spire of the church of St. Joseph, clustered round by a number of villas and cottages, and, jutting out into the river, the promontory called Indian Point, once dotted by the wigwams of the Mic-Macs, but now inhabited by French-Canadians. Towards the East is the Island of Orleans, once called the Isle de Bacchus, from the quantity of wild grapes then so luxurious of growth, but now no more, and again l'Isle des Sorcières, on account of the bad repute it had gained in reference to evil spirits and ghosts, which, it is said, infested the Island in times past. On either side the St. Lawrence passes onward under the name of the North and the South Channels. On the North shore, forty miles in the distance, frowns Cap Tourment; while, as the eye follows upwards, along the shore are the villages of St. Anne, (*La bonne St Anne*, as lovingly called by the villagers) Chateau Richer, L'Ange Gardien and Beauport. Nearly opposite the end of the Island is the indentation, where rush for ever the Falls of Montmorency over the precipice, and from which rises a pillar of fleecy mist. In the rear of all these tower, range after range, the Laurentian Mountains, till their blue summits are lost in the azure of the sky. Beneath lies the Lower Town with its busy crowds. At the mouth of St. Charles is the Custom House,

and, immediately below the Terrace, is the Champlain Market Hall. Close by it is the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, built in 1615 by Champlain, called first Notre-Dame de la Victoire, to record the defeat of Admiral William Phipps, in that year; its present name commemorates also the loss of the English fleet under Sir Hoveden Walker in 1711. At the foot of the cliffs runs Champlain street, through which, on the 31st December, 1775, Richard Montgomery endeavored to lead an attack on the city, but met his death at a place close by, now marked by a wooden sign with the inscription "Here Montgomery fell, 31st December, 1776." Beneath the steps leading from Champlain street to Mountain Hill, called Break-neck Stairs, was discovered, some years ago, the tomb of Champlain. His house was in the vicinity of the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires. Prescott Gate, called after General Prescott, and demolished in 1871, stood at the spot where the city walls are divided close to the foot of the steps. Opposite once stood the Bishop's Palace, and where the first cemetery was established; from which, in late years, have been taken bones and articles of Indian workmanship. A few years ago the Parliament Buildings were burnt, and with them a large collection of valuable works.

Castle of St. Louis.

Turning our eyes citywards, we find a large building, heretofore forming the outhouses of the Chateau St. Louis, which was erected by Cham-

plain in 1600, where the Terrace now is, on the edge of the cliff. It was intended to build a large hotel on this site, but the prospect of carrying out such a scheme is far off. Here the French and English governors resided, under their respective dominations, until its destruction by fire in 1834, at that time occupied by the governor, Lord Aylmer. On the 31st Dec., 1775, on the occasion of the night attack by Montgomery and Arnold, the governor, Sir Guy Carleton, was giving a ball in the Castle, and the officers had to rush to the walls in their ball costume. The garden attached to the Castle, called the Castle Garden, commonly known as the Lower Governor's Garden, is now open to the public and forms part of the Dufferin Terrace; in it is a masked battery of four guns and two carronades on the Crescent Battery beneath the Terrace. On the slope towards the Place d'Armes, once stood the Riding School, in connection with the Castle, and afterwards converted into a theatre, and destroyed by fire in June 1846, during a performance, when forty-five persons were burnt to death

The English Cathedral.

On the site now occupied by the English Cathedral, adjoining the Place d'Armes or Ring, which alone separates it from Dufferin Terrace and the site of the old Chateau, formerly stood the ancient church and convent of the Recollet Fathers, which was destroyed by fire in 1796. Before the erection of a Protestant church in

Quebec, Protestant services were permitted at times by the Recollet Fathers, in their old church.

The British Government took possession of the grounds after the suppression of the Recollet Order, and at the suggestion of Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, whose see extended to the Frozen Ocean on the North and to the Pacific on the West, it erected the present Cathedral, which was consecrated in 1804. It is a plain, though substantial structure, in the Roman style of architecture, measuring 135 by 73 feet. It should be visited by tourists, not for its achitectural beauty, but for the splendour or its mural monuments, chancel window and elaborate solid silver Communion Service. This latter, which is of exquisite workmanship, and cost £2,000 sterling, attracted numbers of visitors while on exhibition in London, where it was made by Rundell & Bridge. Together with the altar cloth and hangings of the desk and pulpit, which are of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the books for Divine Service, this Communion Plate was a present from King George III. There is in the tower a very sweet peal of eight bells, of which the tenor bell is about 16 cwt. The church has an exellent organ and a dean and chapter, but neither surpliced choir nor ordinary choral services. The Dean, Rev. Dr. Norman, is also Rector of Quebec and resides in the Rectory situated in the Cathedral grounds. In the chancel is a large marble monument in memory of the Right Rev. Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, surmounted by the bust of the first occupant of the see, who procured the erection of the building. The chancel window is a memorial of the third

Bishop of the diocese, the late Dr Jehoshaphat Mountain. In both design and coloring, it is considered one of the richest pieces of stained glass on the continent. The central portion represents the Ascension : the Baptism and Transfiguration being represented in the side window. On the other side of the chancel from Bishop Jacob Mountain's monument, is that to his successor, Bishop Stewart. Another marble slab commemorates the death of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, while Governor-General of Canada, which was caused by hydrophobia, arising from the bite of a pet fox in 1819, and whose body reposes in a vault beneath the church building. Other mural monuments are in memory of Hon. Carleton Thomas Moncton, fifth son of the fourth Viscount Galway, and great nephew of the Hon. Brigadier-General Moncton, who succeeded to the command of the British Army upon the death of General Wolfe : of the late Lieut.-General Peter Hunter, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the forces : of Lieut. Baynes of the Royal Artillery, who lost his life in the great fire of 1866, which destroyed a large portion of St. Roch's suburbs, and of Major Short, whose body was blown into fragments by a premature explosion of gunpowder while he was gallantly fighting a conflagration in the suburbs of St. Sauveur. Overhanging the chancel are the remnants of two old and tattered flags. These are the old colors of the 69th British regiment of foot, deposited here in 1870, by Lieut. Col. Bagot, on the occasion of new colors being presented to the regiment, on the Esplanade here, by H. R. H. Prince Arthur. These warlike standards were

deposited in the Cathedral with elaborate ceremonial attended by a striking military pageant. This is believed to be the only Cathedral on the continent containing British colors. The Governor-General's pew is seen surrounded by curtains, in the north gallery and here have worshipped at various times, a number of members of the Royal Family of England. The pulpit has been occupied by numbers of leading divines, including the late Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Farrar, and several American Bishops. Both the Missionary Bishop of North Dakota, and the learned historian of the American Episcopal Church, Right Rev. William Stevens Perry, D. D., Bishop of Iowa, preached here several times in the Summer of 1890, a good portion of which they spent in Quebec. In addition to the magnificent linden trees ornamenting the Cathedral enclosure, there was a venerable elm upon the grounds prior to September 1845, in which month it was blown down, and beneath whose umbrageous branches, legend has it that Jacques Cartier assembled his followers upon their first arrival in Canada.

The Court House and Union Building.

Other noticeable buildings upon the Place d'Armes, are the new Court House, immediately south of the Cathedral, one of the handsomest and most substantial of Quebec's modern edifices, and the old Union Building in the north-east corner of the square, now owned and occupied by Mr. D. Morgan, tailor and outfitter, but in 1808, and for some time afterwards, the rendez-vous of the famous Club of Barons.

The Wolfe and Montcalm Monument.

In the Upper Governor's Garden is the monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Earl of Dalhousie, the governor-in-chief, on the 15th May, 1827. It was taken down and rebuilt in 1871 at the expense of a few citizens. The following are the inscriptions :

Mortem, virtus communem.
Famam Historia,
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit.

Hujusce
Monumenti in memorium virorum illustrium,
WOLFE et MONTCALEM
Fondamentum P. C.
Georgius, Comes de Dalhousie:
In septentrionalis Americae partibus
Summam rerum administrans;
Opus per multos annos præter missum
Quid duci egregio convenientius ?
Auctoritate promovens, exemplo stimulans
Munificentia fovens,
Die Novembrie xv,
A. D. MDCCCXXVII
George IV, Britanniarum Rege.

In passing the gate of the building heretofore occupied as the Normal School, the stranger may notice a stone which has been incorporated into the wall, bearing the date 1647, and having a Maltese cross cut upon it. It was the foundation stone of the ancient castle of St. Louis and laid by the governor, M. de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta. (The Normal School has just been demolished, to make room for the new Château St. Louis Hotel.)

The Place d'Armes.

The ring, or Place d'Armes, where the Hurons, who had been driven from Lake Simcoe, encamped in 1650, constituted in the time of the French the *Grande Place*, where military parades were held and public meetings called, and was the fashionable promenade of the day.

La Maison du Chien d'Or.

Passing to the North by Fort street, we come to a handsome building, the Post Office, erected in 1873, on the site of an old building, which had a world of history connected with it. The famous Golden Dog, a puzzle to so many, occupies its old position above the door on Buade street, just opposite C. E. Holiwell's, Army Stationer, as much resorted to in these days as was the site of the Post Office, when Admiral Nelson and Montgomery frequented it. Underneath the Golden Dog are the lines :

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Vn temps viendra qui n'est pas venv,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordv.

In demolishing the ancient structure, a cornerstone was found, on which was cut a Saint-Andrew's cross, between the letters P. H., under the date 1735. On this was found a piece of lead bearing the following inscription :

NICHOLAS JACQUES,
dit Philiber
m'a posé le 26 août,
1734

The story in connection therewith is told as follows:—In this building lived a wealthy merchant of the name of Philibert, who had many causes of complaint against the Intendant, whose high position could not easily be assailed by the simple merchant without suffering severe retaliation; he therefore satisfied his revenge by placing the Golden Dog, with the accompanying lines, above his door. Among other things the Intendant had organized a vast trade monopoly which received the name of La Friponne, whose transactions and dealings were most oppressive to the people, and in this he was resisted and sometimes circumvented by Mr. Philibert. It is also said that to annoy Mr. Philibert, the Intendant, the infamous Bigot, quartered troops upon the Chien d'Or. Be this as it may, a quarrel ensued between Mr. Philibert and Mons. de la Repentigny, boon companion of Bigot, in which the former was fatally wounded and the latter fled to Nova Scotia, then Acadia, till he received his freedom from the king of France, Louis XIV; whereon he returned to Quebec. After the siege of 1759, he went to Pondicherry, where, meeting the son of his victim, he was killed by him in a duel. There are several versions of this tradition, but the above seems to be the most correct.

A less tragic occurrence took place a few years later in the Chien d'Or building. Miles Prentice, who had come out as a sergeant in the 78th Regiment, under Wolfe, opened an inn in the building, then known as the Masonic Hall, to which inn resorted all the fashionables of the day, among whom was, in 1782, Captain, afterwards

Admiral Nelson, then commanding H. M. S. "Albemarle," of 26 guns. Miles Prentice had a niece, Miss Simpson, daughter of Sandy Simpson, whose charms so captivated the embryo Admiral, that, when his vessel had sailed from port, he clandestinely returned for the purpose of wedding "The maid of the inn," which purpose was defeated by Mr. Alexander Davidson, then a Quebec merchant, who, with the assistance of the boat's crew, forcibly carried the amorous captain on board his vessel. This timely interference gained for England many a glorious naval victory, and lost for Lady Hamilton her good name. It was Mrs Prentice who recognized the body of Richard Montgomery after the ineffectual attempt of December 1st, 1775. A horrible suicide is another of the incidents of the Chien d'Or.

Passing along Buade street, we come to the building now occupied, as a printing office, by the Messrs. Brousseau, the scene of the thrilling events of 1690, recorded in the historical romance of *François de Bienville*, by Mr. Marmette.

The Market Square.

In the centre of the square once stood the Market Hall, a very old-world looking structure of many corners and angles. Across to the West, is a vacant space, the site of the Jesuits' Barracks, formerly the College of Jesuits, the foundations of which were laid in 1635. The building was destroyed by fire in 1640, and again rebuilt. It occupied the four sides of a square, and revelled in immense corridors and gloomy passages, while impregnable vaults and cells abounded in the ground basement. They were taken possession of

by the English as barracks, and continued to be used as such until the withdrawal of the Imperial troops; a short time after which they were razed to the ground by order of the Dominion Government. This is the end of one of the most noted of Quebec's ancient structures.

To the south of the Square is the tobacco store of Mr. Grondin, which was the first restaurant in Quebec, kept in 1648 by one Jacques Boisdon, then having the sign "Au Baril d'Or," with the added words, "J'en bois donc." Jacques Boisdon had the right by deed, signed by M. d'Ailleboust, Père Lalement, and the Sieurs Chavigny, Godfroi and Cliffard, to serve his guests, provided it was not during mass, the sermon, catechism, or vespers.

To the North of the square are the stores of Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, saddlers, where, in 1810, resided General Brock, the hero of Queenstown Heights.

The Basilica.

The construction of the old Cathedral of Quebec was commenced in 1647, and it was consecrated in 1666, by Monseigneur de Laval, the first bishop of the colony. As early however, as 1645, the French Governor De Montmagny, and the inhabitants of the city, had appropriated the proceeds of twelve hundred and fifty beaver skins to the building of the church.

The design of the chancel is in imitation of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. This church superseded the chapel of the Jesuits' College, which was for some time used as the parochial church of Quebec. It was not till 1874, that the sacred edifice was raised to the dignity of Basilica. It has suffered

much from fires occasioned by the storming of the city during the several sieges through which it has passed, but the foundations and parts of the walls are still the same, having now existed for nearly two and a half centuries. In the yard at the back of the presbytery adjoining the chancel, and immediately in rear of the Basilica, are still to be found the relics of the foundation walls of the chapel, built by Champlain in 1633, in commemoration of the recovery of the country, the year before, from the English, into whose hands it had fallen in 1629. This chapel was called by Champlain the "Chapelle de la Recouvrance," and was for the time being, the parish church of Quebec. It was destroyed by fire in 1640. The founder of Quebec had erected a still earlier chapel in the Lower Town, in 1615, near where is now the foot of the Dufferin Terrace elevator, but it was destroyed, together with Champlain's other buildings in the Lower Town, in the siege of 1629.

The Basilica is 216 feet in length, by 108 in breadth, and is capable of accomodating 4,000 worshippers. It cannot boast of much external symmetry, and is distinguished rather for solidity and neatness, than for splendor or regularity of architecture. Within it is very lofty, with massive arches of stone dividing the naves from the aisles. There is, however, much more than its antique and internal beauty to attract the attention of tourists. It contains some of the most remarkable and valuable objects of art on the continent. Upon its walls hangs a rich collection of paintings, most of them by noted European masters and invaluable as works of art. These were mostly secured by Canadian priests in France, after the

Reign of Terror in 1793, in which the ordinances of religion were prohibited and the property of churches and monasteries in Paris confiscated and scattered. One, however, has a most remarkable history of its own. This is the magnificent canvas that hangs over the high altar and has for its subject the Immaculate Conception. It is supposed to be after Lebrun, if not the actual handiwork of the great Master.

More than a hundred years ago, it came into the possession of a family named Lemaistre, residing on the Island of Guernsey: in what manner is now unknown, though it is supposed to have been captured from some French vessel, during a naval skirmish. At all events, it was considered of no great value, for it remained for a period rolled up in an attic room, which was used as a receptacle for old furniture, costumes of former days and other curiosities. Captain Lemaistre, the son of the proprietor, was, in Quebec, in 1770. Here he was Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces and secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor. When Lieutenant-Governor Cremahe was recalled to England, and succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Lemaistre remained in Canada with the new Governor. His heart had crossed the sea, however, in the ship that took his old master home, having followed the pretty niece of Mr. Cremahe, Margaret Stuart, with whom he was desperately in love. Margaret was educated at the Ursuline Convent, and while there abjured Protestantism and was baptized in the convent chapel. Young Lemaistre had an intimate friend in a young ecclesiastic, then secretary to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Briand, and to him he confided his secret. Mr.

Plessis had heard the story of Margaret Stuart and the convent, and when the gallant young captain explained why he was so anxious to obtain leave of absence to visit England, his friend replied, "But, Captain Lemaistre, I cannot wish you success in this matter unless you become a Catholic ?" and Lemaistre who was naturally enough ready to promise anything just then, said that he would think about it. And so it happened, for Mgr. Briand was very friendly with General Haldimand, that Lemaistre obtained leave of absence, and upon reaching England, was married to Miss Stuart. The honeymoon was spent in Guernsey, and one day, when ransacking the contents of the attic chamber, the bride came upon the religious picture. A wave of loving memory of far away Quebec swept over the young girl's heart, and she begged to be allowed to keep the canvas. It was 1793 when the Lemaistres returned to Quebec, and the picture was rolled up and taken with them. The Captain was now the Governor of Gaspé, but the office was a sine-cure, and he took a house in Ste Famille street, in this city. In the meantime, the young secretary of Mgr. Briand, and future Bishop of Quebec, had been raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and in the Spring of 1792, had been appointed Curé of Quebec. Monsieur le Curé was naturally one of the first callers upon Captain and Mrs. Lemaistre, and the latter, producing the roll of canvas, asked his acceptance of the picture. "I will accept it gratefully," said the priest, "but not for myself, for another." It was framed and sent to him, and some days later he asked Captain and Mrs Lemaistre, to pass with him into the sanctuary of the Cathedral, and there, behind the

high altar, he showed them their picture, saying, with one of his bright smiles, "It is better to give to God than to man."

Amongst the other paintings in the Basilica, there is a Christ, but very different from the pictures of the Saviour with which the public may be familiar. This is the famous Van Dyck, and shews the Son of God on the Cross. It was painted in 1630, and presents a type of the best Flemish school. The collection in this church belongs to the lot of paintings which Abbé Desjardins secured for a song, from the revolutionists of 1793, when the mob pillaged the churches and monasteries in their madness. Imagine Van Dycks, Fleurets, Blanchards, Lebruns, Marettis, Vignons, Restouts and Hallés, dropping into a Canadian Church for a few thousand francs! Two or three of these pictures to-day would bring the price, if sold at auction, which the whole collection cost. The rarest pictures in the city hang in the Basilica, and one may spend hours looking at them and contemplating the genius of their authors. Indeed, should one arrive at Quebec on a rainy day, the time could not be more pleasantly and profitably spent than by making the round of the picture galleries, all save the elaborate collection at Laval University, being free to all. It would be better to reserve a fine bright day for Laval, for the pictures in that gallery should be seen by a good light. Catalogues of the pictures in the Basilica are furnished to visitors. The sacred vestments may be seen on application to the vergier. They contain several sets presented to Bishop Laval by the great Louis XIV, including one set in beautiful and very valuable gold brocade. His Eminence

Cardinal Taschereau frequently officiates in the Basilica in full canonicals.

The Cardinal's Palace.

We may now retrace our steps to the cross roads, where we stood a few minutes ago, and continuing along Fort street, by which we left the Places d'Armes at the Union Building, and which was so called because it led from the Lower Town landing to the Fort, we reach, about a hundred feet distant, the entrance gates of the palace of the first Canadian Cardinal,—His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau,—a large and handsome stone building. Quebecers will not soon forget the elaborate fetes and ceremonial which marked in 1886, the conferring of the baretta upon His Eminence.

The throne room of the palace is a very handsome apartment, all its furniture and hangings being of cardinal red. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics pay their respects to Cardinal Taschereau when he holds his receptions here, for in addition to the personal popularity of the Canadian Prince of the Church, his elevation to the cardinalate is considered by all Quebecers as a signal honor conferred by Rome upon Canada.

Laval University.

No cultivated visitor can afford to leave Quebec without inspecting the famous university of Laval, with its rare art treasures and varied historical associations. It has a main entrance on the Grand Battery, as already described, but may, too, be reached by a long passage from the Seminary,

whose gates adjoin the front of the Basilica on the Market Square. At least half a day, or better, a whole day, should be devoted to this visit. The university proper is known, sometimes, as the major seminary. The minor seminary, which, as already explained, adjoins it, is interesting to Americans, as having been the scene of the confinement of the American officers taken prisoners during the siege of the city by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775. It was founded in 1663, by Mgr. de Montmorency Laval, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec and of Canada, who was allied to the Royal family of France, and who left the greater part of his landed and other property to endow the institution. The original seminary building was destroyed by fire in 1701, and the university received its royal charter in 1852, and thereupon assumed the name of Laval. The university buildings are three in number, the principal having been erected in 1857. The main edifice is 298 feet in length, 60 in width, and 80 in height, and, viewed from the river, is, after the Citadel, the most prominent building in the city. The buildings alone of the university and seminary are valued at over a million dollars. The university consists of four faculties,—Theology, Law, Medicine and Art, there being thirty-four professors and nearly three hundred students. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the university. There are several large halls, containing the museums of Geology, Natural History, Arts and Sciences. The Picture Gallery is yearly receiving large additions, while the library is the largest in Canada, next to that in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, and contains 100,000 volumes, being also rich in valuable MSS

relating to the early history of the country. From the promenade on the roof a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and down the St. Lawrence can be had.

The museum contains 1,000 instruments in the department of physics, 8,000 specimens in mineralogy and geology; the botanical department contains a large and remarkable collection of Canadian woods, artificial fruit, and 10,000 plants: in zoology, over one thousand stuffed birds, a large number of quadrupeds and thousands of fishes, insects, etc. Then there are Egyptian mummies, Indian skulls and weapons, and a variety of other curios, coins, medals, etc. Admission to the picture gallery is obtained on payment of a small fee. This gallery merits a protracted visit, both ancient and modern art being well represented, and though the showing of water colors is not strong, a few very good things may be seen. In oils, we have the work of such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Daniel Mytens, T. Daniel Legaré, Salvator Castiglione, H. Vargason, Monticelli, Monnyer, Karl Vernet. Lucatelli, Salvator Rosa, David Teniers, Van Mullen, John Opie, Peter Van Bløemen, Le Jeune, Vouet, Antoine Van Dyck, Pisanello Vittore, Tintoretto, F. Boucher and others. Catalogues may be had on application.

The Battery.

Leaving the University by the eastern entrance the visitor finds himself on the Battery. The following are the names of the different batteries, extending from the site of the Parliament Buildings to Palace gate; The Assembly Battery, 9 guns; the Grand Battery, 17 guns; the St-Charles

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Battery, 2 guns and 3 bombs; Half Moon Battery, 1 gun; Hope Gate Battery, 4 guns; Montcalm Battery, 4 guns: Nunnery Battery, No. 2, 4 guns and 2 howitzers: Nunnery Battery, No. 1, 2 guns and 2 howitzers. In addition to these there are, in the Lower Governor's Garden and beneath the Dufferin Terrace, Wolfe's Battery of 4 guns and 1 Palisser cannon, and two minor batteries with 4 guns.

Hope Gate, like the others, has been demolished and a promenade occupies the site of the former block house. At a short distance to the west of this promenade is the former residence of Montcalm, now converted into ordinary dwelling-houses.

Proceeding along by the Battery road, the view of St. Charles valley and the Laurentides is enchanting, and the suburbs of St. Roch stretch by the banks of the meandering St. Charles till they merge into green fields and happy-looking farms. The next gate is Palace Gate, demolished beyond recognition. Its guard-house is now no more, and the barracks, which once stood on the opposite side of the street, were, one Christmas night, destroyed by fire, the result of the freedom allowed to the men by the colonel. The consumption of liquors generated carelessness, which ended in a mass of ruins on the following morning.

Outside the gate, at the foot of the hill, in rear of Boswell's Brewery, is all that remains of the Intendant's Palace, once the abode of luxury, the scene of revelry and debauchery, a building which outshone in splendor and magnificence the Castle of St. Louis, and whose lords considered themselves the equals, if not the superiors, of the governors. Here the infamous Bigot concocted the

nefarious plottings of the Friponne; here he squandered the thousands which he robbed from the Public Treasury, and pilfered from the down-trodden inhabitants of New France. His princely mansion now serves but as vaults for casks and puncheons of ale and porter.

In close proximity to the Artillery Barracks are what were once the officers' quarters, delightfully situated in a shaded park, rejoicing in a shrubbery, wild and luxurious, forming the *beau ideal* of cool retreats, amidst piles of brick and mortar. It is now occupied as a military laboratory for the manufacture of ammunition for the Canadian Government.

The Masonic Hall.

The building immediately opposite the main entrance of the hotel, the ground floor of which is a general American and Canadian railway and steamship office, is the Massonic Hall. It contains in its lodge rooms, some curious old chairs, covered with masonic devices, presented by the Queen's Uncle, the Duke of Sussex, in 1807, to Sussex lodge; for both the royal Duke and his brother, the Duke of Kent were zealous Freemasons.

St. John Gate.

This is but a modern structure, which might as well have been left unbuilt. The old gate was found to be such an obstruction to general traffic and travel that it had to be demolished, there

being through it but one passage, which was so narrow that only a single vehicle at a time could pass, and foot passengers could get through with difficulty. The present gate had to be built, for the English Government insisted upon the old one being replaced in case of war. Opposite the gate, within, is one of the old buildings, but it has outlived its story, and research has not unravelled it. It is occupied by Mr. Lyons, a baker. Two other old buildings are still to be seen in St. John street, one occupied by Post-Master Tourangeau and the other by Mr. Alford.

The Esplanade.

On d'Auteuil Hill, where a street has been cut through the city walls, is Kent Gate, the foundation stone of which was laid by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, in June, 1879. It is a very handsome erection, built in the Norman style, with a turret, from which can be had a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and river St. Lawrence. Near by is the church of the Congregation. In this church were committed a daring robbery and sacrilege; the altar ornaments being stolen by a man named Chambers and his gang, who, at the time, over forty years ago, inaugurated a reign of terror by their astounding and many robberies. Of the last crime, however, he and his gang were found guilty and transported. Opposite is the Esplanade, which runs as far as St. Louis street, and is bounded to the west by the city walls. From their summit one can trace the old French fortifications, which defend-

ed the city in its early history ; but these are fast disappearing ; road-makers and house-builders are using up the materials and there is no one to say nay to the Vandals. Before the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, the Esplanade was strictly guarded ; sentinels patrolled the ramparts, and no thoroughfare was allowed after gun fire. But it is now the resort of the athletic clubs in the city ; lacrosse, football, baseball, cricket and other games are played there continually during the Summer, and snowshoeing and tobogganing are the amusements of Winter. The Band of the Battery, at times delighted the promenaders with their evening concerts till they were transferred to the Terrace and here also the military of the Citadel and the volunteers perform their evolutions. There are still some remnants of past glory. A few dismounted cannon may be found on the ramparts, while a dozen more lie side by side on the ground beneath these, and the sentinel poplars still keep their watch as of yore.

The Garrison Club.

The building next the foot of Citadel Hill, of one story, was formerly occupied by the Royal Engineers, and is now used by the Quebec Garrison Club, composed of officers of B Battery and citizens.

Where Montgomery was laid out and buried.

A few doors further on, but on the opposite side of the street, is the newly erected residence

of Chevalier Baillargé, F. R. S. C., City Engineer, being street number 72. This occupies the site of a low wooden building demolished in 1889, in which the body of the American General Richard Montgomery was laid after his unsuccessful and fatal attack upon Quebec, on the night of the 31st December, 1775. At that time, this old hut was the cooper's shop of one Gobert. When demolished it was some 250 years old. It was certainly one of the oldest buildings in the city, its rafters being formed of rough poles from which the bark had never been completely removed. A few steps further, on the same side of the street, and we come to the City Hall,—a modern and unpretentious building, and now almost universally conceded to be too small for the requirements of the city. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the street, with projecting modern windows that have been recently added, is the Union Club House, the home of the aristocratic club of Quebec, and one of the most select and most complete institutions of the kind in the country. In 1812-13, it served as a place of confinement for the American prisoners taken at Detroit. Later on, it was the residence of the Hon. W. Smith, author of "Smith's History of Canada." The two houses adjoining, now occupied respectively by Judges Routhier and Bossé, formed one mansion, thirty years ago, which was occupied by Lord Monk, then Governor-General of Canada. We have now arrived at

The Citadel and Fortification Walls.

The Citadel and the old fortifications, rank of course amongst the leading attractions of Quebec.

The road leading up to the Citadel has already been pointed out, between the Garrison-Club and St. Louis gate. As there is a steep hill to climb, many prefer to drive to the entrance of the celebrated fortress.

Before arriving there, the tourist passes through a labyrinth of trenches, bordered on either side by high walls blocked by earthworks, all of which are pierced with openings through which gleam the mouth of cannon, and loopholed for musketry. Entrance to the Citadel is also barred by a massive chain gate, and also by the Dalhousie gate, erected in 1827, a massive construction of considerable depth. The Citadel covers an area of about forty acres on the highest point of Cape Diamond. The French erected wooden fortifications here, and spent so much money upon them and upon the other defences of the city, together with what was robbed by Bigot and his assistants, that Louis XIV is reported to have asked whether the fortifications of Quebec were built of gold.

The first, under British rule, were constructed by the Royal Engineers, and fell into decay at the end of the century. Their re-construction dates back to 1823, and was carried out according to plans submitted to and approved by the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of about \$25,000,000. The guard rooms are located in the Dalhousie gate, the barracks are casemated and many of the other buildings are considered bomb-proof. The details of the alleged private underground passages communicating with certain localities without the fortress, are of course secrets that the military authorities keep to themselves. At the easterly end of the officers' quarters, a substantial row of

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stone buildings overlooking the river, are the vice-regal quarters, where the Governor-General of Canada and his family reside during the latter part of the Summer season in each year. In the centre of the square, tourists are shown a small brass cannon, captured by the British Army at Bunker's Hill.

I think it was Joaquin Miller, who, when shown this formidable piece of ordnance, said to his guide, "well you've got the cannon, but we've got Bunker's Hill." Heary D. Thoreau, who visited Quebec in 1850, says of the Citadel:—"Such structures carry us back to the middle ages..... The sentinel with his musket, beside a man with his umbrella is spectral.....I should as soon expect to find the sentinels still relieving one another on the walls of Nineveh.

What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me and not I it."

The noon-gun on the Citadel still marks the meridian time, as it did on the occasion of Thoreau's visit. He described it as "answering the purpose of a dinner horn." The fortifications are, as Thoreau, says, omnipresent. No matter from what point you look towards Quebec, for eight or ten miles away, they are there still with their geometry against the sky. No body should miss the famous view of the river and the surrounding country from the King's Bastion, already referred to. Here is erected the flagstaff from which waves the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in these parts. It was by means of the halyard of this flag staff that the American sympathizers, General Thaller and Colonel Dodge, in October 1838, made their escape from the Citadel, where they were priso-

ners. They had previously drugged the sentry, and contrived to get safely out of the city, despite the precaution of the commandant, Sir James McDonald, a Waterloo veteran.

The St. Louis Street.

Descending the Citadel Hill, we return to St. Louis street. At a short distance on the left hand side is the City Hall, built on the site of the house once occupied by the chemist M. Arnous; to which, as stated by some, Montcalm was carried from the Plains of Abraham after being wounded. The third house from the next corner on the same side, is where General Montgomery's body was taken on that fatal 31st Dec., 1775. It was then occupied by a cooper named Gaubert, and from it was taken and buried, as above mentioned, at the foot of Citadel Hill.

Further down the street, on the right hand side, is a large building, now occupied by Col. Forest, which Intendant Bigot, with his wonted liberality with things not belonging to him, presented to his mistress, the beautiful Angelique de Meloises, the wife of De Paen, Bigot's chief assistant, in all his nefarious transactions. After Bigot had returned to France, stripped of his honors and of his ill-gotten wealth and branded with the name of thief, Madame De Paen was not forgetful of her *quondam* lover, but, out of the spoils she had managed to keep safe, allowed him a moderate competency. Mr. Kirby, in his historical romance, "The Golden Dog," has woven an exceedingly intricate and exciting plot out of the loves of these

two personages. The residence of the fair and proud Angelique became, under English rule, quarters for officers not residing in the Citadel, and the buildings in rear were used as the Military Hospital. These buildings, from an hospital became Her Majesty's Courts of Law in this district, but have lately been vacated as such, as a splendid new Court House has been erected.

In rear of the old Courts of Law is a hill called Mount Carmel : on which, in the time of the French domination, stood a windmill, turned into a tower of defense by a heavy cannon mounted thereon for the protection of the colony, against the inroads of the warlike Iroquois. The windmill has disappeared, but in the springtime the lilac trees on its summit present a most delightful sight, while the delicious odor from them is some compensation to those who have to practise law in the buildings beneath.

Further down St. Louis street, on the same side, are two small houses irregularly located, which cannot fail of attracting notice by their ancient style of architecture ; the immense thickness of their walls, their small doors and windows, the lowness of their basement storys, in fact their only story, their huge chimneys and their peaked roofs mark them as of the old time. But, like the houses on St. John street, they have outlived their history ; their position must have had a romantic side to it, so near to the naughty De Pean, so close to the Ursuline Convent, and Mad. de la Peltrie's habitation, and lying secure beneath the protecting tower on Mount Carmel, beside the stream which history tells us flowed down from the Cape to the River St. Charles.

The Ursuline Convent,

Passing down the street opposite these old-fashioned structures, we come to the Ursuline Convent and Chapel in which lie the remains of the brave Montcalm. Madame de la Peltrie, a pious French lady, founded the Convent in 1641, and, as is usual with all buildings of that time, it was destroyed by fire, in 1650. Being rebuilt, it was again destroyed on 21st Oct., 1686. On both these occasions, the Ursuline nuns were received by the Hospitalières Nuns of the Hotel Dieu. It was again rebuilt, the whole colony assisting in its construction ; so loved and esteemed were Madame de la Peltrie and the Ursulines. The Convent has been greatly enlarged during the last few years. A garden is in the rear, in which about twenty five years ago was a monarch ash tree.

The Chapel of St. Ursula is alongside the Convent and possesses many valuable paintings, as follows :

Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house..	Ph. de Champagne.
Death of St-Jerome.....	
Bishop St-Nonus admitting to penance St-Pelagia	J. Prud'homme, 1737
The wise and foolish virgins.....	From Florence.
The miraculous draught of fishes.....	De Dieu, 1741.
The Virgin, the Infant and St-Catherine.....	
St. Theresa's ecstasy	
The Annunciation.....	
Christ's adoration by the Shepherds	
The Savior exhibiting his heart.....	
The Savior preaching.....	Champagne.
The portrait of the Savior according to St-Luke	
The Virgin and Infant.....	
Redemption of Captives at Algiers, by the Reverend Fathers of Mercy.....	Ristout
France offering religion of the Indians of Canada, and allegory by a Franciscan, 1739.	
St. Peter concealing himself to witness the sufferings of Christ.....	Spanish Schoo.

A monument to the memory of Montcalm, erected Sept. 14th, 1859, deserves attention. One to the memory of Montcalm was also erected by Lord Aylmer, in 1832.

The following relics are in the Chapel and Convent ; The body of St. Clement, from the Catacombs of Rome, brought to the Ursulines in 1687 ; the skull of one of the companions of St. Ursula, 1675 ; the skull of St. Justus, 1662 ; a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667 ; a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in 1830.

Opposite the Chapel is the site of Madame de la Peltrie's house, whereon is now a cut stone building.

This is on Garden street, through which Theller and Dodge passed after their perilous descent from the Citadel towards Hope Gate, and endeavored to procure entrance into the old house now in existence alongside of the Russell House and occupied at present by a dressmaker. It was, at the time of Theller and Dodge, 1838, a tavern kept by one Daniel McClory. Two more old-fashioned houses are on the right hand corner, facing the St-Louis Hotel, one a hair-dressers's establishment, kept by Mr. Williams, and the other a saloon, called the Montcalm Cottage. They have undergone some modernizing touches, but are of the same style of architecture as the two above mentioned. In them it is said Montcalm established his headquarters, and here, probably he discussed with his officers the action to be taken against the enemy, when they appeared on the open field, rather than remain entrenched behind the city walls—a decision which proved so fatal to victor and vanquished, and which gained for England the

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Dominion of Canada, and lost to the French King what he contemptuously designated "a few acres of snow." On the opposite corner is the Masonic Hall, on the ground flat of which is Mr. R. M. Stocking's office for the issue of tickets by all the railroads and steamship lines in Canada, the United States and Europe. In the same building is the agency of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway.

Opposite is the St. Louis Hotel, the best in the city as regards locality and everything else. Adjoining the hotel is the Music Hall. To the East is a building which was once the residence of the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. In 1791, he enlivened the *élite* of Quebec society by his dinners and *petits soupers*, (presided over by the beautiful Madame St. Laurent) and which too often attained a doubtful celebrity.

When passing down Palace street, the visitor will notice a statue of General Wolfe in a niche in front of the house, at the westerly corner of Palace and St. John streets. This statue carved by the Brothers Cholet for Mr. Hipps, a butcher, then-proprietor of the existing house, was placed by him in the niche, in 1771. The Albion Hotel is on the right hand side of the street, and directly opposite; it is an old-fashioned building with the distinguishing thick walls and cavernous vaults of the French era: in this house resided M. Brassard Duchesnaux, a druggist, the bosom friend of the infamous Intendant Bigot.

The Hotel-Dieu.

On the opposite side of the street, at a short distance, is the entrance to the Hotel-Dieu Convent and Hospital, founded in 1639 by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, who brought out the Hospitalières Nuns and placed them in charge. Prior to the siege of 1759 it was destroyed by fire, and afterwards rebuilt. It consists of a convent and hospital in which patients are treated *gratis*. At times, the house of these benevolent ladies is filled with unfortunate invalids, who receive unremitting care and attention from the sisterhood. The bones of the martyr, the Rev. Father Gabriel Lalement and the skull of Father Brebœuf, are deposited in the convent. The entrance to the chapel is on Charlevoix street. Some fine paintings adorn the walls.

The Nativity.....	Stella.
The Virgin and Child.....	Noël Coypol.
Vision of St. Thérèse	Geul Managot
St. Bruno in Meditation	Eustache LeSueur.
The Descent from the Cross	Copy by Plamondon.
The Twelve Apostles.....	Copy by Baillargé the elder.
The Monk in prayer.....	De Zurbaran.

Congregational Church.

Opposite the entrance to the Hotel-Dieu is the Congregational (Protestant) Church, a plain building seating about 600, erected in 1840, but which is now occupied by the Salvation Army as barracks.

St-Patrick's Church.

In the adjoining street (McMahon) is Saint-Patrick's Church, erected in 1832, under the ministration of the Redemptorist Fathers. It has been enlarged and greatly improved, by frescoing the walls and ceilings. A magnificent organ has also been erected. Attached to it is the Presbytery, and in rear of it is the St-Patrick's Catholic Literary Institute, founded in 1852. In front of the Church an extensive schoolhouse has been erected, and is also under the control of the Redemptorist Fathers.

Trinity Chapel.

The Trinity Chapel (Episcopal), in St-Stanislas street, was for some years used by the military, and was closed after the withdrawal of the troops, but is now again open for Divine Service.

The Methodist Church.

At the top of the same hill is the Methodist Church, erected in 1850, in flamboyant style of architecture. It seats about 1,600.

St-Andrew's Church.

Close at hand is St-Andrew's Church, built in 1810 and enlarged in 1821. It accommodates 1,500 persons. A manse and schoolhouse are attached.

Morrin College.

In a building, which was formerly the district gaol, erected in 1814, at a cost of \$60,000, is the Morrin College, which was founded by the magnificent endowment of the late Dr. Morrin of Quebec, in 1860, incorporated by Provincial Act of Parliament in 1861, and opened in November, 1862. It is affiliated with McGill University of Montreal. Its faculty of Divinity is in connection with the Church of Scotland. The late Mr. Justice Aylwin presented it with his valuable Law Library.

The Literary and Historical Society.

This Society, which was founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1824, has its rooms in Morrin College. It has a large library and an extensive museum, and is in a flourishing condition.

Institut Canadien.

This Society is in a building on Fabrique street and has a large roll of members.

The Women's Christian Association

Is situate on St. Ann street, nearly opposite Morrin College Court.

The High School.

The Quebec High School is a handsome building, situate in St. Denis street, at the foot of the Glacis, stretching downwards from the Citadel. It was established in 1845, and many of the leading men of the city have received their education within its walls.

Chalmers' Church

In St. Ursule street, built after the Gothic style, was erected in 1852. It seats about 900 persons. This church was the scene of the Gavazzi riot, which took place in 1859, and was the cause of much embitterment between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of the city, happily long since subsided.

The Baptist Church

Is a small building in MacMahon street, opposite the entrance to the Artillery Park, and was erected in 1854.

The French Protestant Church

Is a pretty little church situated in St. John street, without, and was erected in 1876.

St. Mathew's Chapel, Epi-copal

Is also situate in St. John street, erected in the English burial ground, which has long since been closed. St. Matthew's is built after the Gothic style, and is tastefully ornamented in its interior. During the past few years it has been considerably enlarged and a steeple added thereto.

There is another Episcopal chapel, St. Peter's, in St. Valier street, St. Roch, and the Mariners Chapel on Champlain street, as also a Scandinavian Chapel.

Church and Convent of the Grey Sisters.

This church is situate in St. Olivier street, but it is so hemmed in by the other buildings of the sisterhood that it is hardly discernable. On the occasion of the burning of the Parliament Buildings, several years ago, the sittings of the Chambers were held in this church, or were about to be held, when it, too, fell a prey to the flames, and Parliament was removed to the Music Hall. Grave suspicions were entertained at the time as to the causes of these two conflagrations.

Young Men's Christian Association.

Immediately outside St. John's Gate is the Young Mens' Christian Association building, the lower part of which is let as shops. In it are a library, reading room and lecture hall. The building is open to the public.

Jeffrey Hale Hospital

Is situated opposite the Convent of the Grey Sisters, and was founded by the late Jeffrey Hale, Esq., who passed his life in doing good. It is under the direction of a board of Governors.

The Christian Brothers' School

Is situate on Gallows' Hill, and has a very large attendance, at a nominal rate of charges.

Le Bon Pasteur and other Religious Establishments.

The Church and Hospital of Le Bon Pasteur is situate on Lachevrotière street. It is a refuge for fallen women and a school of reform.

St. John's Church in the ward of that name has been rebuilt on the old foundations, it having been destroyed by fire. Its interior is nearing completion.

In St. Roch, there are two Catholic churches, the Parish Church and the Church of the Congregation, under the ministration of the Jesuits, both situate in St. Joseph street, in which also are several schools for the instruction of girls.

In St. Sauveur, there are the Parish Church and the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes and large schools.

The Hospital of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is situate near the River St. Charles, in St. Sauveur.

The Bellevue Convent is situate at St. Foy, and the Convent of Jesus-Marie at Sillery.

The Finlay Asylum, of Gothic architecture, is situate on St. Foy road, just outside the toll-gate, and is a home for aged and infirm Protestants.

On the Grande Allée, near the toll-gate, are three benevolent institutions : the Ladies' Protestant Home, of the Church of England ; the Female Orphan Asylum, and St. Bridget's Asylum, near which is St. Patrick's Cemetery, now closed to interments.

Another Roman Catholic Church, Notre-Dame de la Grâce, is at Cape Blanc.

The Marine Hospital.

This magnificent building is situate on the banks of the St. Charles, in the northern part of St. Roch's suburbs. It is built after the Ionic style of architecture, and is said to be an imitation of the temple of the Muses on the River Illissus, near Athens. Its site is on the place called la Vacherie, on the opposite side of the river on which Jacques Cartier met Donnacona in 1535. The foundation stone was laid in 1832 by Lord Aylmer, then Governor of Lower Canada, and the building was completed in 1834, at a cost of nearly \$100,000. It has accommodation for over six hundred patients. It is solely for the use of mariners and immigrants. It has been closed since 1891, having been purchased by a religious community.

The General Hospital.

The General Hospital is one of the finest institutions of the kind in Canada or the States. It is situate on the South bank of the St. Charles, not far from the Marine Hospital. The buildings are extensive, and, with the gardens, cover a large area. It was founded by Monseigneur de St. Valier, second Bishop of Quebec, as an asylum for incurable diseases. In 1692, it was placed under the charge of the Hospitalières Nuns, who, in 1751, constituted a separate body from their sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Near the General Hospital is a windmill of a most old fashioned order. It was a protection as a fort to the Convent. On the opposite side of the river are immense vaults, used at the time of the French for storing provisions.

The Skating Rink.

Just outside the city walls, on the Grande Allée, is the Quebec Skating Rink, supposed to be the finest on the Continent. It was finished in 1877, and opened in the Winter of that year by the Lieutenant-Governor, Letellier de St-Just, on the occasion of a grand fancy dress ball, several of which are usually given during the season ; but, owing to its site being required to enlarge the grounds of the Parliament House, it was lately taken down, with the intention of rebuilding it a little further out on the opposite side of the street.

Lately these improvements have been made, and a handsome skating rink erected on the West side of the Grande Allée.

The Drill Hall and the Grande Allée Drive.

That large and very handsome structure with a decidedly military appearance, on the opposite side of the road from the Parliament House, and a few hundred feet further away from the city, is the new Drill Hall, erected jointly by the Federal government and city corporation, for the use of local military organizations. The main road here, though really a continuation of St. Louis street, preserves its old French name of Grande Allée. It was widened and newly paved in blocks in 1888-89.

The drive out by this road and in by the Ste. Foye, is one of the most beautiful and most deservedly popular in the vicinity of Quebec. Upon the Grande Allée, are the prettiest and most modern of Quebec's town residences, while after passing the toll gate and the Plains of Abraham, the tourist obtains glimpses of the country seats of our leading merchants, and splendid panoramic views of the stately St. Lawrence, on the one side, on the other, of the fertile valley of the St. Charles, with its background of blue Laurentian mountains on the gentle ascents of which stand out the pretty French Canadian villages of Charlesbourg and Lorette.

The Famous Martello towers are seen before leaving the city, but a better view of these and also of the famous battlefield, which decided the fate of half a continent and upon which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, both mortally wounded, may be had by taking a morning stroll, along the beautiful Cove fields at the brink of the cliffs overlooking the magnificent St. Lawrence.

But let us for the present continue our drive.

Less than two miles from the city we pass Spencer Wood, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and formerly that of the Governor-General of Canada. Its present occupant, the Hon. A. R. Angers, is one of the most popular Governors Quebec has ever had.

He has been both Judge and leader of the provincial government, and is a well-known patron of literature and the arts. The residence is approached by a lengthy drive through a forest avenue, reminding one of the estate of an English nobleman. The beauty of its situation, overlooking the St. Lawrence and the opposite shore, and affording a splendid view of Cape Diamond and the Citadel of Quebec, might well be deemed unapproachable, did not the environs of the city present so many scenes of great and surpassing loveliness. Royalty, in the person of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the late Duke of Albany, and the Princess Louise, has frequently been entertained at Spencer Wood, of which grateful retreat Lord Elgin used to say that there he not only loved to live, but would like to rest his bones. Adjoining the gubernatorial abode is the picturesque and elegant estate of J. M. Le Moine, F. R. S. C., a historian of Quebec.

The Departmental Buildings.

The Departemental Buildings are on the north side of the Grande Allée, and form a magnificent pile. They are constructed in the modern style of architecture, are four stories in height, with a

mansard roof and towers at each corner. They are used as the Parliament House for the Province of Quebec, and all offices of the Government connected with the Province. They rank amongst the finest buildings on the continent. The ventilation and drainage are good, being much superior in those respects to the buildings at Ottawa. Being erected on almost the highest part of the city, the view from the main tower and upper stories is unrivalled.

Lacrosse Grounds.

To the right of the Grande Allée is a large enclosure appropriated by the lovers of lacrosse; several clubs devoted to this game are in the city.

The Observatory.

At a short distance further out, on the Plains of Abraham, is the Quebec Observatory.

Quebec Gaol.

On the Plains of Abraham is a massive building, the Quebec Gaol.

The Harbor.

The Harbor Improvements are at the mouth of the St. Charles river and are well worth a visit. They are being constructed at the expense of the Dominion Government and comprise an immense wharf running from the Gas House Wharf into the St. Lawrence, where another wharf connects it with the old Commissioners' Wharf, thus enclosing large docks for shipping.

The Custom House.

Near the Commissioners' Wharf is the Custom House, a fine building of Doric architecture, built of cut stone, the portico of which fronts the St. Lawrence, with steps leading down to the water's edge. It was built in 1854, consumed by fire in 1864, and shortly afterwards rebuilt.

Grand Trunk and other Railway Stations.

In the vicinity is the Grand Trunk Railway Station, whence the Ferry Steamer leaves for the station, on the Levis side of the river. The same ferry conveys passengers to the Intercolonial station at Levis.

Passengers by the Quebec Central railway cross the river by the Quebec and Levis ferry boats. The Canadian Pacific and the Lake St. John Railway Stations are situated in St. Paul Street, near the foot of Palace hill at the Palais harbor. It is

intended to have a station of the Canadian Pacific Railway built on the Commissioners' Wharf at deep water.

The Gates.

Much that is interesting and ancient in Quebec has in the last few years disappeared. The old gates, which excited the wonder and curiosity of the traveller, have been levelled, and the fortifications, and walls of the city, which then bristled with cannon and were patrolled night and day by vigilant sentinels, have changed their warlike appearance to peaceful promenades. St. Louis and St. John's gate were the most ancient, having been erected in 1694 and rebuilt in 1791. The former has given place in our days to the Dufferin gate and its former zigzag approaches straightened to a broad thoroughfare. St. John's gate, which had formerly but one narrow archway, was also demolished and rebuilt in 1865. Kent Gate was built to ornament a new thoroughfare through the city walls. Palace gate was also erected under the French domination, and was razed in 1791 by the English and replaced in 1831 by a handsome gate with three arches, which has now also disappeared. Hope gate was built in 1786 by Col. Hope, then commandant of the forces and administrator. It was also demolished in 1874. Prescott gate was erected in 1787 and has followed the fate of the others.

In 1827, under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, were erected on the citadel the Dalhousie and the Chain gates.

The Drive around Quebec.

The environs of Quebec abound in the most delightful scenery, and the roads in the vicinity of the city are amongst the finest upon the continent. The drives are all comparatively short, averaging about nine or ten miles, and over such good roads that one never feels tired. The scenery all along the road is pretty and interesting, and full of graceful variety. Among the principal drives may be mentioned the drive to Montmorency Falls, and the Natural Steps,—the latter no one should miss on any account,—the Falls of Lorette, the Falls of Ste. Anne and the Chaudière Falls. Few persons ever go to see the Fortifications at Levis, and yet they are well worthy of a visit. Then there is the old ruin of Chateau Bigot, the haunt of one of the most notorious of scoundrels, as well as the worst of Intendants. Chateau Richer is on the way to Ste. Anne's and though the distance is a trifle lengthy, the road goes through such a lovely section of country that one does not mind the length much. Lovers of lake scenery cannot do better than spend a few hours at the beautiful lakes of St. Charles and Beauport.

THE ENVIRONS.

It can be said of Quebec that the environs are not surpassed or even equalled in romantic beauty, or picturesque wildness. One may take any standpoint in the city, and before him is a glorious panorama; and at the end of nearly every street one may see a delightful vista.

Beauport Asylum.

Leaving the city and crossing the river St. Charles by Dorchester bridge, the visitor will drive along the Beauport road and within two miles reach the Beauport Asylum, founded in 1855 by Drs. Morrin, Douglas and Fremont, with the promise of the support of Lord Metcalfe and his Government. Since that time, the establishment has been vastly increased and improved; there being the principal building, having two wings, another building separate from the main, and a sort of villa structure for convalescent patients. There are now over 200 inmates within its walls. After passing the asylum, the village of Beauport may be said to commence, and its houses and cottages line the road for five miles, ending only at the river Montmorency. On the site of the village, or rather between it and the beach, was fought the battle of the 31st July, 1758, between the English and French, in which the latter were victorious and the former lost 182 killed and 665

wounded and missing. The headquarters of Montcalm were to the right after passing over the stream, but the Manor House, in which they were established, was burnt a short time ago. After the taking of Quebec, the English avenged themselves by sacking and firing, not only the village of Beauport, but also the villages of L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, St-Ann and Baie St-Paul and destroying all the crops in the country round.

After the destruction of the old Manor House, a plate was found on the corner stone with the following inscription in Roman capitals : " L'an 1634, le 29 juillet, j'ai été plantée première, P. C. GIFART, seigneur de ce lieu. " Above it were the letters I. H. S. and also M. J. A., representing the names Mary, Joseph and Anne. Beneath it was a heart with three stars and a smaller heart reversed. This plate is in the possession of Mr. Herman Ryland who has built a residence on the site of the old Manor House.

The Falls of Montmorency.

The falls of Montmorency may be seen either from above or below. To view them from below, the visitor must descend what is called the Zig-zag Hill, which passes through Mr. Hall's property, and in doing so the visitor is reminded that the residence thereon was once occupied by the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On reaching the foot of the hill we can pass along the beach, till we arrive, as it were, almost underneath the avalanche of a sort of drizzling shower, and through which,

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if the sun be shining, the brightly hued rainbow can be seen bathing its colors in the frenzied cataract. The body of water which, from the height of 250 feet leaps its precipice, passes, it is said, through a subterranean passage, and rises in a tumultuous manner near the end of the Island of Orleans, gaining the name of Le Taureau ; by boatmen considered a dangerous spot. The view above the Falls is taken from the opposite side, the visitor passing over the Montmorency Bridge, then through a field opposite the Hotel and for which a charge is made, and down a stairway to a platform, which directly overlooks the Falls. The mad turbulence of the water and the deafening roar, which ever seems to increase, is almost bewildering, and the dizzy height at which one is placed causes a certain amount of uneasiness and sense of danger. There is wildness all round, the high cliffs with overhanging trees and bushes and the violence of the rapids rivet the imagination with resistless fascination. On both sides of the river are the remnants of two towers, between which was suspended a bridge, which fell nearly forty years ago, carrying with it an unfortunate countryman, his wife, child, horse and vehicle, whose remains were never afterwards discovered.

The Natural Steps.

A by-way road through the fields leads the visitor to the Natural Steps, which by some, are considered the grandest feature of the scene. Nothing more wild and weird can be imagined

than this mad river with its perpendicular precipices on each side, clothed with tufts of shrubbery, and whose summits are fringed with overhanging pines, which watch, as it were, on the threatening waters, now leaping over huge rocks and forming furious cascades, anon seething, moody, silent pools, whose blackness makes night look pale. Here the waters eddy round in ever-quickenings circles, raising in their wrath bubbles and froth to the surface, and suddenly leaping onwards beneath the overhanging cliffs. Where the visitor stands, shady nooks, hidden in ferns and wild plants, invite to rest, while the peculiar formation of the rocks serves as tables for pic-nic collations. In the Summer, these Natural Steps are the resort of pleasure parties, and the followers of Izaak Walton can tempt from the angry torrent the most delicious speckled trout.

Near by is the Fairy River, which mysteriously disappears beneath the earth and again as mysteriously re-appears. It is also called l'Eau Tenue.

L'Ange Gardien.

The village of l'Ange Gardien is about four miles beyond Montmorency, and as above stated, was destroyed by Wolfe's soldiery, after the battle of Beauport in 1759. There are some good trout fishing streams at a short distance; and, in the Autumn, snipe and partridge shooting.

Chateau Richer.

This village is about five miles further down. In the fruit season, the orchards of l'Ange Gardien are so laden that along the road the green color of the trees is hidden by the purple of the plum and the roseate hue of the apple.

At about four miles distance to the south of Chateau Richer, are the beautiful Falls called Sault à la Puce, which are not only enchanting in their scenery, but abound in trout. The Chateau Richer beach is famous as a snipe ground, and in September and October numberless sportsmen make good bags.

The Shrine and Falls of St. Anne.

At the distance of about twenty miles below Quebec is the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, sometime called Ste. Anne du Nord, and always *La bonne Ste. Anne*, to whom is consecrated the parish church, erected about sixteen years ago by the Pope into a shrine of the first order. There is a fine painting by the famous artist LeBrun, "Ste. Anne and the Virgin," presented by M. de Tracy, viceroy of New-France, in 1666, to the church, for benefits received. The festival day of this saint is the 26th of July, at which time thousands of pilgrims proceed not only by steamer rail and carriage, but on foot, to this holy shrine; many walking the whole distance from Quebec as a penance, or in performance of vows. The church is a new building, the old one having been found too small for the accommodation of

the crowds of pilgrims who resort thither. In it are placed thousands of crutches left by those who departed after being cured of lameness and other maladies by the Bonne Ste. Anne, whose praises are world-wide ; for here congregate thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the continent to be cured of their infirmities. Deposited in the sanctuary is a holy relic, a finger bone of the saint herself, on kissing which the devotee is immediately relieved of all worldly ills and misfortunes. Wonder begins and misbelief vanishes on gazing at the piles of crutches ; there one beholds unmistakeable evidence of the unlimited medicinal powers of the mother of the Virgin. Daily are the proofs of this power manifested ; the visitor can see with his own eyes the decrepit, the halt, the sore, the lame, the wounded carried into the sanctuary and depart therefrom, after kissing the holy relic, cured and whole. Many are the scenes here witnessed of the despairing filled with renewed hope and the feeble and faint glad again with strength and health. Countless are the anecdotes of the hopelessly blind and lame returning to their friends with sight and firm limbs, leaving behind them their bandages and crutches. Incredulity vanishes before such evidence, and the sceptic leaves the shrine of Ste. Anne with conviction deeply settled in his soul.

Within the last two or three years, pilgrim parties have been made up in different parts of the province, and arrive in Quebec, either by train or steamboat, and then proceed by the regular boats to Ste. Anne, where they pass the day and return in the evening. Some of these pilgrims prefer the road, and either hire vehicles or drive

down in the omnibuses. of which there are two, or three, competing lines. A well-managed line of railway affords good accommodation for travellers.

Within three miles of the village are the Falls of Ste. Anne, which consist of seven cascades, the waters of one pass through a chasm which can be leaped by those of strong nerves and sinews, but powerful as Ste. Anne is, and devoted as she is to miracles, it is doubtful whether even she could save the unfortunate who should miss his leap and be plunged into this chasm. The fishing above and below the Falls is very good for salmon and trout, and the scenery is of that wild description generally characteristic of the Laurentian Range.

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Island of Orleans.

The Island of Orleans, or the Isle de Bacchus, as it was at first called, or Minego by the Indians, or Isle des Sorcières by the credulous, is reached by ferry from Quebec, as soon as navigation opens, and is a favorite summer retreat of Quebecers. Its history is replete with stirring events. Wolfe took possession of it in 1759, and his troops ransacked it from end to end. The villages of St-Pierre, St-Famille, St-Jean, St-Laurent and St-François are all flourishing, and their churches date from the old times, or have been replaced by modern edifices. A steamer called the "Orleans" runs daily between Quebec and the Island for the convenience of strangers.

The views of Quebec and the Falls, in fact of

delightful walks and drives through the woods and along the beach are a constant source of pleasure.

Charlesbourg.

Leaving Dorchester Bridge by the left, the first place of interest is Ringfield, the residence of Mr. Parke not far from which Jacques Cartier wintered with his three vessels. "La Grande Hermine," "La Petite Hermine," and "L'Emérillon," from 15th September, 1535, until 6th May, 1536, and which place he named Ste-Croix, having erected in the vicinity a high cross as a sign of possession by the King of France, a painting of which is to be seen in the picture gallery of the Laval University. A few years ago, some remains of Jacques Cartier's vessels were found, and at the present day are easily discernible the mounds and earthworks thrown up by the little army of brave adventurers.

About two miles from the Bridge is the Gros Pin Cemetery, set apart in 1847 for the immigrants and others who died in the hospitals of fever and other contagious diseases.

At the distance of four miles, on the same road, is the beautiful village of Charlesbourg, in whose centre is the parish church.

At the time of the siege Charlesbourg was the refuge of the priests, monks and non-combatants of the city, of the island of Orleans and the different villages of the North Shore, whose houses had been pillaged, and whose substance had been destroyed.

A convent erected by the late Mr. Muir, formerly Clerk of the House of Assembly, is near Charlesbourg, where instruction is given to young children.

Chateau Bigot.

To the east of Charlesbourg, at a distance of about four miles, is Chateau Bigot, or Beaumanoir, as it is sometimes called, or otherwise "the Hermitage;" the romantic history of which is somewhat as follows:—

At the foot of La Montagne des Ormes are the ruins of Chateau Bigot, ruins which can now but faintly give an idea of what the original building was, of its grandeur, of its extent, of its secret passages, or its form. Two gables and a centre wall, or rather the remnants of them, are visible, and from the fact of there being a sort of clearance, now partly overgrown, we may presume that there was a garden. Ensconced in the midst of a forest, on one of the slopes of the Laurentides, are these relics of the past and one cannot but be impressed with deep melancholy as his eyes rest upon this deserted spot and his fancy re-peoples the shattered halls and chambers with the giddy and guilty throngs which once crowded them. History has given some few indistinct data, and imagination has done the rest for this story of the past.

The Intendant Bigot, whose profligacy and extravagance were unlimited, and whose rapacity supplied his requirements, constructed this castle in the wilds of the mountains, and

hither, with companions as graceless as himself, he was wont to adjourn to indulge in every excess of dissipation. The Intendant was a man fond of field sports, and the chateau was the head-quarters of his hunting expeditions. It is said that on one of these he lost his way, and met a young Algonquin squaw of singular beauty, who led him to the chateau and being induced to enter its walls, its strong doors were closed against her egress, and she remained there a prisoner either to love or to fate. But the Intendant was a man of mark in the colony, a man to satisfy the longings of any ambitious girl who might wish for power, and such a one there was in the city of Quebec, who was determined to have the Intendant as her lord, that she, as wife, might rule in New France, and punish those who had slighted her. Such a one, it is said by Mr. Kirby, in his historical romance, "The Golden Dog," was Angelique Des Meloises; and she had heard of the Indian maid at Beaumanoir. Murder is a trifle to such natures as hers, wholly absorbed by ambition; one night a piercing cry was heard echoing through the halls and corridors of Beaumanoir, and Caroline, the unhappy Algonquin, was found stabbed and dead. Not long since was to be seen her gravestone in a vault of Beaumanoir, with but the letter C engraved thereon. It is said that the unhappy Caroline was not of full Indian race, but that her father by marriage, was an officer of high rank in the army of France. Such is the story, not the first nor the last, connected with this place, which has been replete with guilt and caused much sorrow.

Mr. Amédée Papineau and Mr. Marmette, in

his romance, " L'Intendant Bigot, " have given sketches of the tale.

Ascending the hill, in rear of the ruins of the Chateau, the visitor will be recompensed by a magnificent view. To the west of the valley of the St-Charles, to the south the city of Quebec and the town of Levis, and to the east the Island of Orleans, the villages of Beauport, l'Ange-Gardien, Chateau-Richer, St-Anne, and the river St-Lawrence, for the distance of nearly one hundred miles, presenting a panorama of incomparable beauty.

Lake Beauport.

Continuing along the Charlesbourg highway, after leaving the village, for about four miles, we turn into a less macadamized, but much more delightful, road. The sweet smell of the woods is welcome, the song of birds hastens you on, and the wild, uncultured country charms you, till you feel in an ecstasy with the whole scene : when suddenly you arrive at an opening in the forest, and a fairy lake, surrounded by high mountains, appears before you, and ere your wonder has had perfect consciousness you are driven up to the Lake Beauport Hotel, a country house with a verandah in front, and gardens of flowers and kitchen vegetables in rear, where fishing rods lean lazily against the gable, and baskets of speckled trout, wrapped carefully in cooling leaves, are placed in shady nooks, and trim country lasses come to relieve you of wraps and impedimenta ; and the glorious lake shines before you like a silver shield, and you imagine that fairy boats are glid-

ing on its bosom : but they simply contain happy people like yourself who have come out to enjoy this *sans souci* in the wood, this *nepenthe* among the mountains, this *dolce far niente* on the bosom of a lake, where the flies never bite, the fish ever rise, and little black-eyed *gamins* paddle you around in canoes just for a song. Go out with your rod, look at the towering mountains and the woodland nooks and shady little coves, where trout jump about like sprites, and come back with a basketful, and have your dinner at the cottage hotel with wild strawberries and cream, and then return to town and say what you think of Lake Beauport.



Lorette.

The Indian village of Lorette is nine miles from town, and can be reached by the Charlesbourg road, turning off to the left at the village of Charlesbourg, or by the Little River road, which divides at Scott's Bridge, one branch going by the north and the other by the south side of the River St. Charles, or the *Cabir Coubat* of the olden time, both rejoining at the distance of about three miles. On the south branch is the French Catholic cemetery, and beyond is the St. Charles racecourse. Lorette is situated on a hill, down which rushes the River St. Charles, forming in the centre of the village the charmingly beautiful Falls of Lorette. A walk has been made, in a highly artistic manner, through the most striking parts of the vicinity, so that all the beauties of these Falls can be admired. It has more the

character of a cascade, and there are delightful pieces of scenery above and below, and the river itself is a wild torrent, from which at one time salmon were taken. In the eastern part of the village reside the remnants of the once powerful Huron tribe, now either coalesced with the French, or rapidly disappearing. A walk through this village brings the young savages out by scores, the youthful chiefs desiring to shoot for coppers and the forest maidens offering tobacco pouches, knife sheaths and all sorts of Indian work, some of which are very beautiful, and if bargained for property can be had at a cheap rate, for they always ask high prices, but take their real value.

On a Sunday it would be difficult to tell a squaw from a French-Canadian, were it not for the dark eyes, olive complexion and straight hair. The Minnehahas of to-day love their silks and satins and last fashions as well as any demoiselle from the city. Their houses are constructed in modern style and furnished neatly.

To the North of the village, passing through the Indian portion, you proceed to what is called the Aqueduct. It is the reservoir from which the city of Quebec is supplied with water. Take a canoe and paddle up this fairy river, for it is full of lovely spots, where water sprites and naiads would delight to dwell. Under arches of drooping boughs you glide, and smothered with the delicious aroma of pine and fir trees, your ears ringing with the songs of birds, you press ever forward to see if there is no end to the enchantment, and, if a lover of the rod, you whip up the stream and hook the golden

trout from the surface. Near by is Castorville, once a dam of beavers, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Panet, a veritable paradise in the primeval forest, the perfect ideal of a picnic ground, where in the heat of Summer, under the shade of giant trees, we may "recline like gods together, forgetful of mankind." A paddle up the stream will bring you to Lake St-Charles.

Lake St-Charles.

Is another favorite resort of the citizens of Quebec, and is situated about twelve miles distant, and where there is a good hotel, and boats can be had for a row on the Lake which is about six miles long. It has not the beauty of Lake Beauport. Its shores are not so bold, but there is a quiet, pleasant feeling in paddling about Lake St. Charles. It has a more contented, more home-like look than the exciting charms of the other.

Lake Calvaire.

Or Lake St-Augustin, is about twelve miles from Quebec, to the north of Cap Rouge. On one side of it stretch to the water's edge cultivated fields and pastures, with browsing cattle ; on the other the wild bush. The Lake is not renowned for its fishing, as no trout are to be caught in it, and it has an unenviable reputation among bathers, whom it invariably attacks with cramps. It is a very beautiful sheet of water, but full of weeds. In the Autumn there are snipe, woodcock and par-

tridge to be bagged in the vicinity, and this is enough to atone for its other deficiencies. St. Augustin church is near by and worth a visit.

— — —
The Grande Allée and St-Foy roads and Plains of Abraham.

There is no more beautiful or interesting drive than that out by the Grande Allée and in by the Ste-Foy road. On leaving where the St-Louis Gate once stood, the visitor will notice the buildings, already mentioned—the Quebec Skating Rink, the Departmental Buildings, the Drill Shed, the Martello Towers, the Church of England Female Orphan Asylum, Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec Observatory and St-Bridget's Asylum, and on passing the latter place the visitor will be upon the ground whereon the centre of the French line of battle stood, the left wing extending towards the St-Lawrence and the right to the St-Charles valley, down to which they retreated after the defeat. After passing the Toll Gate for about a hundred yards, the visitor is upon the ground occupied by the English centre, the left wing extending towards the St-Charles and the right towards the St-Lawrence. A monument is erected to the memory of Wolfe on the spot where he fell, a handsome pillar of granite, surmounted by a helmet and shield, and bearing the following inscription :

" This pillar was erected by the British army in Canada, A. D., 1849. His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin d'Urban being commander of the forces, to replace that erected by Governor-General Lord Aylmer, in 1832, which was broken and defaced and is deposited beneath."

The whole is surrounded by a neat iron railing.

Woodfield Cemetery.

Beyond Spencer Wood is the Irish Catholic cemetery, lately purchased for that purpose from the Messrs. Gibb. It is a splendid property of about 80 acres, in the highest state of cultivation, and beautified by avenues, glades, and vales, shady nooks and perfumed woods, a fit home for those who take the last quiet sleep of death.

Mount Hermon Cemetery.

Still further on is Mount Hermon cemetery, the Protestant burial ground. This has been established many years, and in it are very fine monuments of exquisite workmanship, by Quebec artists, and some from the United States, and even England. On one spot there are the graves of over two hundred immigrants who perished by the burning of the steamer "Montreal." They had but arrived from the old country, and on the threshold of the new met with the most frightful of deaths.

The village opposite these cemeteries is Bergerville.

The Church at St. Columba and the Convent of Jésus Marie stand on the heights above Sillery, and on the beach below is erected a small chapel.

Some years ago, the remains of the Jesuit priest, Emmanuel Masse, were found in the cave beneath Sillery, and a monument to his memory was erected. It is twenty feet high, and has four marble tablets with inscriptions. On this spot

Emmanuel Masse was buried in 1646, and a church was erected there by the Commander of Sillery in 1677.

All along the Grande Allée, the views of the St. Lawrence, the heights of Levis and the Laurentian Range are captivating, and turns in the road exhibit most beautiful vistas.

About five miles beyond Cap Rouge is the deserted church of St. Augustin, built in 1648, now in ruins on the beach, in reference to which is a legend that the devil, in the shape of a horse, assisted in the construction. This horse was continually kept bridled and employed in carting the stone of immense size, till one day a workman carelessly took off his bridle to give him a drink, when he immediately disappeared in a cloud of burning sulphur.

Descending by the road leading to the St. Foy church the extended view of the St. Charles valley strikes one with delight. The visitor may continue the drive if he so please, to Cap Rouge and turn then into the St. Foy road. Forty miles to the East and continuing till they end at Cap Tourment, forty miles to the West, the ranges of mountains form a magnificent background to a variegated panorama of villages, churches, farm-houses, forest, river, stream, hill and cultivated plain which never tire the eye. The valley of the St. Charles is the richest in the province, of which the visitor may judge for himself. Towards the end of Summer, acres of yellow fields stretch before the eye, and pastures teem with cattle. The river St. Charles is seen winding its intricate course through forest and field, losing itself finally in the great St. Lawrence, and towards

its mouth the populous suburbs of St. Roch are alive with their industries and manufactures.

To the north of St. Foye road is the Belmont Catholic cemetery, and near by is the Belmont Inebriate Asylum, once kept by Mr. Wakeham. The building was once occupied by General Montgomery, as was also Holland House, near the city, the property of the late Judge O'Kell Stuart. At about one mile distant from the city is the monument erected by the St. Jean-Baptiste Society to the brave who fell at the battle of the Plains in 1760. The monument is of iron on a stone base, and surmounted by a statue of Bellona, the gift of Prince Napoléon. Four bronze cannons are placed at each corner of the pedestal. The monument bears the following inscription :

Aux braves de 1760. Erigé par la Société St. Jean-Baptiste de Québec, 1860.

On the right side are the arms of England and the name of Murray, the Governor of Quebec. On the left side is the name of Levis, who commanded the French, and the arms of old France. On the opposite side is a bas-relief of Dumont's Mill and the arms of Canada. This monument was inaugurated with great ceremony on the 19th of October, 1852, by Lord Monck, then Governor-General of Canada, and an eloquent address was given on the occasion by the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau.

Point Lévis.

A visit to Levis is interesting. Not long since an encampment of Indians was located at the

place now called St. Joseph de Levis, and citizens and strangers were then wont to make excursions to interview these dusky roamers. In rear of the town of Levis are constructed three forts, for the protection landwards of the position. They are of triangular formation, their bases facing the city and consisting simply of a wall, without any defence except the ditch, leaving it open to be battered by the guns of the Citadel in the event of occupation by an enemy. The two other sides are strongly loopholed casements, protected by a glacis, and having loopholed caponnières at the angles to sweep the ditch and which are reached by subterranean passages. The ditches all round the forts are twenty feet deep by about forty feet in width and are crossed at only one point by a drawbridge, which is removed at will. Each fort contains at least one large well and has accommodation for about four hundred men. Number one, which is situated in rear of the Grand Trunk Station, is altogether built of stone, while the exterior facing of the casements of numbers 2 and 3 are of brick. The magazines are two in number and are built to contain a large quantity of powder. The present armament of each fort consists of but one pivot gun, a seven inch breech-loading Armstrong, throwing a projectile of 120 lbs. but at very short notice the three forts could be completely armed from the vast stores in the Citadel. These forts cost the English Government about \$1,000,000.

In the lower portion of the town, called South Quebec, is the station of the Grand Trunk railway, near which is the Victoria Hotel. The cattle

sheds are within a short distance of the railway station and are very commodious and well conducted, and are located in Fort No. 1.

A large graving dock has been built at St-Joseph de Levis and is worthy a visit.

The Chaudière Falls.

At a short distance from South Quebec are the Chaudière Falls, which may be reached either by train, steamer or cab. These falls are somewhat similar to those of Lorette, on a larger scale, the depth being about one hundred and thirty feet. The visitor may, at the same time, chance to witness the venturesome experiments of raftsmen on the saw-logs, which are tumbled over the falls, and which collect in groups above the rapids in a locked state, when it is imperative on the men to loose them from the difficulty. Many a mishap has occurred in these endeavors, and it is often the value of a raftsman's life to break a jam on the Chaudière River.

Down the valley of this river swarmed the hardy volunteers under Arnold, but many had to succumb before they arrived at the mouth of the Chaudière, and many more had to regret that they ventured such an undertaking.

The church of New Liverpool is famed for its frescoes and paintings, and in the scenery of Etchemin the visitor can find much that gratifies his eye.

The romance of history is hovering around the whole of this neighborhood.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Les Eboulements.

This beautiful place is another Summer resort, also on the north shore, at about seventy miles below Quebec. Earthquakes are frequently experienced here, and the country is extremely hilly.

Tadousac, the Saguenay, Murray Bay and Les Eboulements are reached by steamers, which leave Quebec three or four times a week.

The River Jacques-Cartier.

Proceeding by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the visitor reaches the beautiful river Jacques-Cartier, so famed for its salmon fishing. The scenery of this river is charming, and since the construction of the railway the country is being ornamented by fine villas. The name of the village on the river is Ste. Jeannede Neuville. At about twelve miles distant is the village of St. Raymond, on the River Ste. Anne, in which are shoals of trout. This village is reached by the Lake St. John Railway, since the opening of which many improvements have been made. At a short distance from St. Raymond is Lake St. Joseph, famous for its black bass and lunge fishing. There are other lakes and rivers in the neighborhood, where excellent fishing can be had. On the road to Three Rivers are several flourishing

villages, amongst which may be mentioned St. Bazile, Portneuf, Cap Santé, Deschambault, Ste. Anne de la Pérade, Batiscan and Champlain

The Shawinigan Falls.

At about thirty miles from Three Rivers, on the St. Maurice River, are the beautiful falls of Shawinigan, reached by the Piles branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a visit to which will amply repay the tourist. They are over one hundred and twenty feet in height.

Lake St-John Railway.

By the Lake St-John Railway, the higher waters of the Jacques-Cartier and Batiscan rivers are reached, where splendid partridge and snipe shooting can be had, and in Winter caribou and moose hunting.

St. Leon Springs.

At six miles from Louiseville station are the St-Leon springs, the resort, during Summer, of many from all parts of Canada and the States. A commodious hotel is kept there, where visitors are furnished with baths, hot and cold, of the celebrated waters, which are eminently useful in cases of rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, and a host

of other ailments, Vehicles meet trains at the station for the use of travellers.

Quebec Central Railway.

Along this line of railway are many delightful villages: among which may be mentioned St-Anselme, Ste-Marie, St-George, and St-Joseph, affording charming summer retreats, which are rapidly being taken advantage of.

The Matapedia Valley.

Is a well known resort of sportsmen, who, in the summer season, go there to participate in salmon fishing. A number of New York gentlemen have purchased a large tract from the former proprietor, Mr. Daniel Fraser, and pass a few weeks there during the hot weather. There are many other very pleasant resorts on the route of the Intercolonial railway, which are yearly becoming more popular.

Tadousac.

At the mouth of the Saguenay, 130 miles from Quebec, is the village of Tadousac, a favorite summer resort, and where Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, passed a great part of his vacation time. Here also is the first church built in Canada.

Tadousac is not only a fine watering place, but has a history of the most interesting character. It was at one time the chief trading post of the French settlements and was the first missionary residence of Father Marquette. The ruins of the first church in Canada are still pointed out to the stranger.

River Saguenay.

There is probably nothing grander than a sail up the River Saguenay. On each side are the towering and precipitous cliffs, while beneath roll the dark waters of this mysterious river, which partakes of a gloomy and almost hideous character. One might imagine himself on the river Styx, and when now and again a seal is seen to appear on the surface, one reverts to Dante's Inferno, and dreams that a lost soul is plunging in the dark river. The sombre appearance of the river is deepened by the frowning Capes Eternity and Trinity which rise perpendicularly to a dizzy height. A colossal statue of the Madonna is placed on the summit of Cape Eternity, at whose base is erected a small chapel. No one should miss a sail on this wild stream. Ha ! Ha ! or Grand Bay is a beautiful expanse of water, sixty miles from the mouth, and ten miles south of Chicoutimi.

Murray Bay

Or Malbaie, is about ninety miles from Quebec, on the north shore. There are three localities, Murray Bay proper, Pointe au Pic and Cap à l'Aigle, all centres of attraction to those who wish to escape the heat of Summer and enjoy salt water bathing. There are, in the vicinity, several sheets of water famed for their trout, and at an easy distance.

Riviere Ouelle

Is ninety-two miles from Quebec. Near the wharf is Fraser's Hotel. It is about eight miles from the railway station and has excellent accommodation. The drives in the vicinity are interesting.

Kamouraska

Is at a short distance from River Ouelle is a delightful village, having hotels and houses to be let during the season, to suit the visitor. Every convenience can be had in the way of bathing, and the surrounding country is charming.

Riviere du Loup

Or Fraserville, is close to the railway station. At one time, it was the fashionable resort of plea-

sure-seekers, but other places have put it in the shade. It is, however, a pleasant village, and every accommodation can be had.

Cacouna.

At a distance of about six miles from Rivière du Loup is the Saratoga of Canada. About twenty years ago travelers were taken from the steamer in boats, and met while in the shallow water by hay carts and other nondescript vehicles by which they gained the shore and had to put up with such accommodation as they could find. Now a magnificent hotel, with all the modern improvements, adorns the centre of the village, while many minor ones and boarding houses are scattered far and near, and beautiful villas and elegant mansions are everywhere to be seen. The Cacouna of old has disappeared, and a brand new one has taken its place. The beach is within easy walk of the village, and the bathing is unsurpassed, the water being of a more bearable temperature than that of the North Shore, where the cold is penetrating. There are, besides, various fishing grounds within a few miles, which handsomely reward the sportsman.

Trois Pistoles.

This is a village delightfully situated on the line of railway at about 148 miles from Point

Levis. The salt water bathing is fine and the surrounding country beautiful.

Rimouski

Is an incorporated town of about 1,500 inhabitants and much resorted to as a summer retreat. It is situated about fifty-five miles below Rivière du Loup and contains many handsome buildings.

Metis.

At about ninety miles below Cacouna is the village of Metis, rapidly becoming a fashionable resort.

Fishing.

In the vicinity of Quebec are many lakes well known among the followers of Isaac Walton; where trout, pike, lunge and white fish may be caught: among which may be mentioned, lakes Berryman, Beauport, St-Charles, St-Joseph, Sept-Iles, Snow Lake, Jacques-Cartier, St-Joachim, Fairy and Daker's Lake, all within an easy distance of the city, excepting Lakes Snow and Jacques-Cartier.

For those fond of the gun, the beaches of Chateau-Richer and St-Anne afford excellent sport for snipe, while throughout Stoneham and Lo-

rette, and Cap-Rouge, partridge, and woodcock abound. In the North are found caribou in the Winter and bears are often met within the same localities, while *lynx* are frequent visitors in the neighborhood of the city.

The Seminary and Chapel.

To the North stood the old Seminary Chapel, in which were several productions of the most celebrated masters, but destroyed by fire, on the 1st January, 1888.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria...	Lagrange.
The Virgin attended by Angels.....	De Dieu.
The Crucifixion	Moint.
The Desert of Thebais.....	Guillot.
Terror of St. Jérôme.....	Copy by A. Plamondon.
The Ascension.....	Ph. Champagne.
The Sepulchre.....	Hertin.
The Flight into Egypt.....	Vauclos.
Two Angels.....	Ch. Lebrun.
Ecstasy of St. Antoine de Padoue..	Jos. Raoul d'Avignon.
Pentecost.....	Ph. Champagne.
St. Peter delivered from Prison.....	Ch. de la Fosse.
Baptism of the Saviour.....	Claude Guay Hallé.
St. Jérôme Writing.....	J. B. Champagne.
Adoration of the Magis, (Signed) ...	Bossieu.
St. Charles Borromée.	
St. John the Baptist.	

The new chapel now completed is 120 feet in length by 75 in width and is one of the most perfect specimens of the Roman style of architecture.

Ten lateral chapels, are disposed around the interior of the new edifice,—whilst under the sanctuary is a spacious crypt wherein is the tomb of Mgr. de Laval, the founder of the institution ;

this is also the burial place of the direction and professors.

The almost irreparable loss which the Seminary has sustained, in the destruction of the numerous paintings which adorned the former chapel,—will, to a certain extent, be compensated by quite a number of masterpieces which are being collected together or donated by generous benefactors.—The most interesting and precious of these gifts is a mosaic of the Madonna, donated by His Holiness Leo XIII. This masterpiece, now several centuries old and richly framed, had formerly been an offering from one of the Emperors of Austria to Pius IV and once formed part of the Vatican Gallery. A large painting of the Holy Family, from the Italian school, has been presented by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. Still another, representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and attributed to Murillo's school, is the generous gift of the Ursuline Convent. As quite a number of originals are dispersed, through the Seminary and University, it is quite probable that they will find a final resting place in the new chapel. These are, amongst others, St. Jerome's vision on the Last Judgment—by d'Hulin.—A Crucifixion by our Canadian artist, the late Chevalier Falardeau. Angel's heads by Lebrun—at one time the greatest painter of the French school—Another Crucifixion by Correggio—A St. Dominic by Salvator Rosa and Several others of the French Italian and Flemish schools.

It is therefore to be hoped that the new selection will compare favorably with the once famous collection—so much admired and, alas ! now no more.

Passing through the gate, the visitor finds himself in the Seminary square, on three sides of which is the Seminary, which was founded in 1663 by Monseigneur de Laval. The oldest portion of the building is the wing facing the visitor as he enters the gate—It was here that the American prisoners were confined after their unsuccessful attempt to storm the city in 1775—the vaulted apartments in which they passed many weary months are still preserved in the same condition as then. The building was destroyed by fire on the 15th November, 1701, and was rebuilt and again destroyed on the 1st October, 1705, when it was again rebuilt and partially demolished during the siege of 1759. The College is divided into the "Grand Seminaire", a school of divinity, having seven professors and over one hundred students, and the "Petit Seminaire" for general education, having yearly four hundred pupils, instructed by over forty professors. Passing through the interminable corridors, the lower one of which is partly underground and lighted by barred windows, one becomes bewildered and might lose himself in the endless turnings and descents. One may easily imagine himself in the dim periods of the middle ages, an illusion rendered more vivid by the sombre figures of black-robed priests pacing up and down the vast galleries.

Within the last three years or so a very large addition has been made to the buildings, which was very much needed to accommodate the great number of pupils attending the Seminary. They, with those of the Laval University, occupy a large extent of ground in one of the finest portions

of the city. This new wing is entirely fireproof and contains a grand staircase in solid stone, communicating with the four stories—and eight feet wide.

Were all the buildings of the University and Seminary stretched out in line, they would measure over one-quarter of a mile in length.

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WINTER SCENES.

An Ice Bridge.

It was in January, 1877, when, with a large crowd of people, I stood upon the Durham Terrace of the city of Quebec, and looked down upon the river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked forty degress below zero, and all around there was nothing but dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the basin of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its bleak waters from view. What could induce human beings in such an extreme atmosphere to pace up and down the exposed promenade, which in Summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the ice-bridge was momentarily expected, the ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented from leaving their wharves, under penalty of heavy fines and being fired into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all looked down upon the hidden stream, vigorously they walked the snow clad terrace, when suddenly a cry was heard, "It is taken;" instantly all rushed to the railing and anxiously peered down upon the waters; slowly the mist arose and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point and up as far as

the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist Nature had done the work, and in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal bridge, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which, up to within a few minutes, was almost unattainable, had been as it were, in a moment of time, brought into a few minutes' communication. Minute by minute, the bridge was strengthening, the intensity of the cold thickened the ice, and an hour afterwards, a boy in a sleigh, drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the ice was as a sounding board; and even when the sleigh became but a speck, the rumbling sound continued, reverberating between the opposite highlands: then followed, as it seemed to me, foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped on in sweeping circles, hither and thither; then hundreds followed, and then the bridge presented the view of countless men luxuriating in the enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thickness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility, but still the crowd increased and its delirium grew wilder. Every moment I knew, added to the general safety but each one had to keep separate from all others, and it was noticed, that when three or four approached the same locality, the india-rubber-like surface sank as if it were ready to engulf the reckless individuals. On the wharves and quays along the river side, were collected hundreds of on-lookers and I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a

closer inspection. Over the edge of a wharf was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which were planks laid on the ice, and by them the skaters gained access to the bridge; a continuous row of people ventured down, shod with skates and were soon wheeling over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to see if there were any feeling of bravado in their actions, but there was none except the simple one of anxiety to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and on shore and on bridge a paralysis seemed to strike all; the ice was moving. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the shore, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders, many were immersed in the death-cold waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; he was carried home to a disconsolate widow and helpless orphans. The bridge was broken up and a human being was ushered into eternity. The morning sun rose next day clear and bright and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as clear and smooth as any mirror; the first had descended with the falling tide, but the works of Nature are rapidly carried out, and in its place another spanned the broad St. Lawrence. Even now upon its bosom the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's grief, rushed wildly on the surface, and ice-boats in scores swept across it with the rapidity of race horses, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea gulls. It was a gala festival and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city's height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of boats, of men, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been

made between the old city of Quebec, Point Levis, the Island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages, and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever tinkling sleigh bells, rose the strains of music and the shouts and laughter of men and women. It was a mirage, for the ice bridge was as a glass and everything on its surface had its reflection, and the steep cliffs of Levis threw their shadows on the ice as on a peaceful lake. "We," that is, myself and two friends, were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this unique and exciting picture, and were carried away with enthusiasm and a desire to join the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates and descended to the Lower Town, and soon found ourselves upon the smooth ice. Near by was an ice boat, waiting to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores, so we closed a bargain with the master and stepped into the cozy cabin whose roof was the cloudless sky. Voluminous buffalo robes were wrapped around us and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire. Our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which soon carried our vessel, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Meeting small boats was a flash of lightning, and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we passed up the river; on one side of us were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while, on the other, were the higher heights of Levis; anon we were beneath the plains of Abraham; rushing past the now desolate timber coves which in

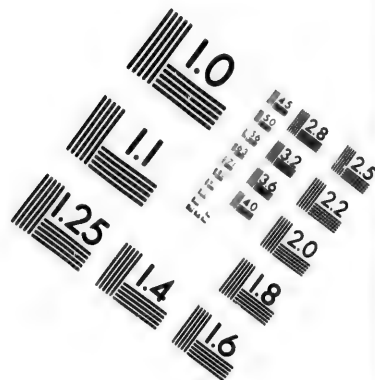
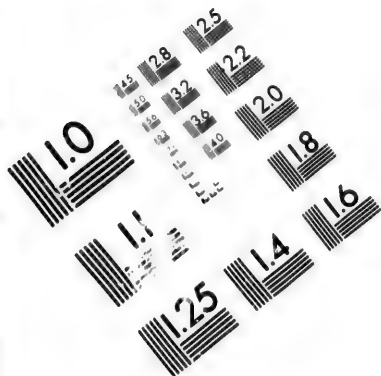
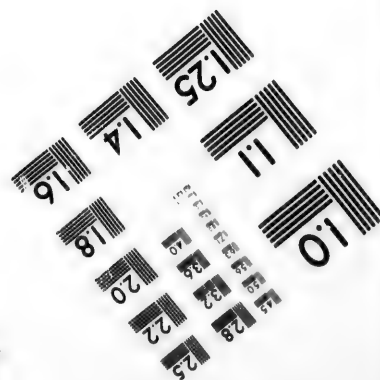
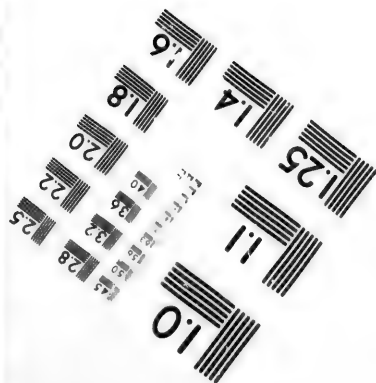
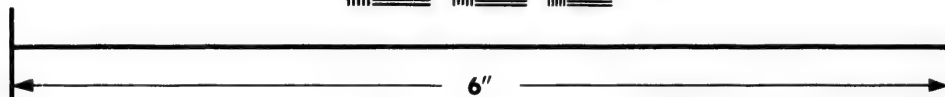
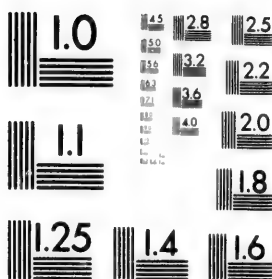


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Summer are crowded with vessels, and which now showed, at the foot of the chiff, the long line of the white-washed dwellings of the hard-working lumbermen. On the one side were the churches of St. Colomban de Sillery, and St. Augustin, and on the other of St. Nicholas, and then the Falls of the Chaudière. We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat wheeled round with marvellous velocity, and we were on the home stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a winter-frozen-in vessel ; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorency Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarified atmosphere ; already the cone had begun to form and we could see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, passed the villages of Beauport, L'Ange-Gardien, and Chateau Richer, when again we turned and doubling Le Bout de L'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St Joseph de Levis and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, till we struck across to our starting point, after a wild ride of forty miles, accomplished with the speed of a mail train. Our limbs were a little stiff, and we put on our skates to revive the circulation of the blood. No sooner had the steel touched the clear brittle ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle and we swiftly glided over the silvery surface seeming hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were madly rushing hither and thither, ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and

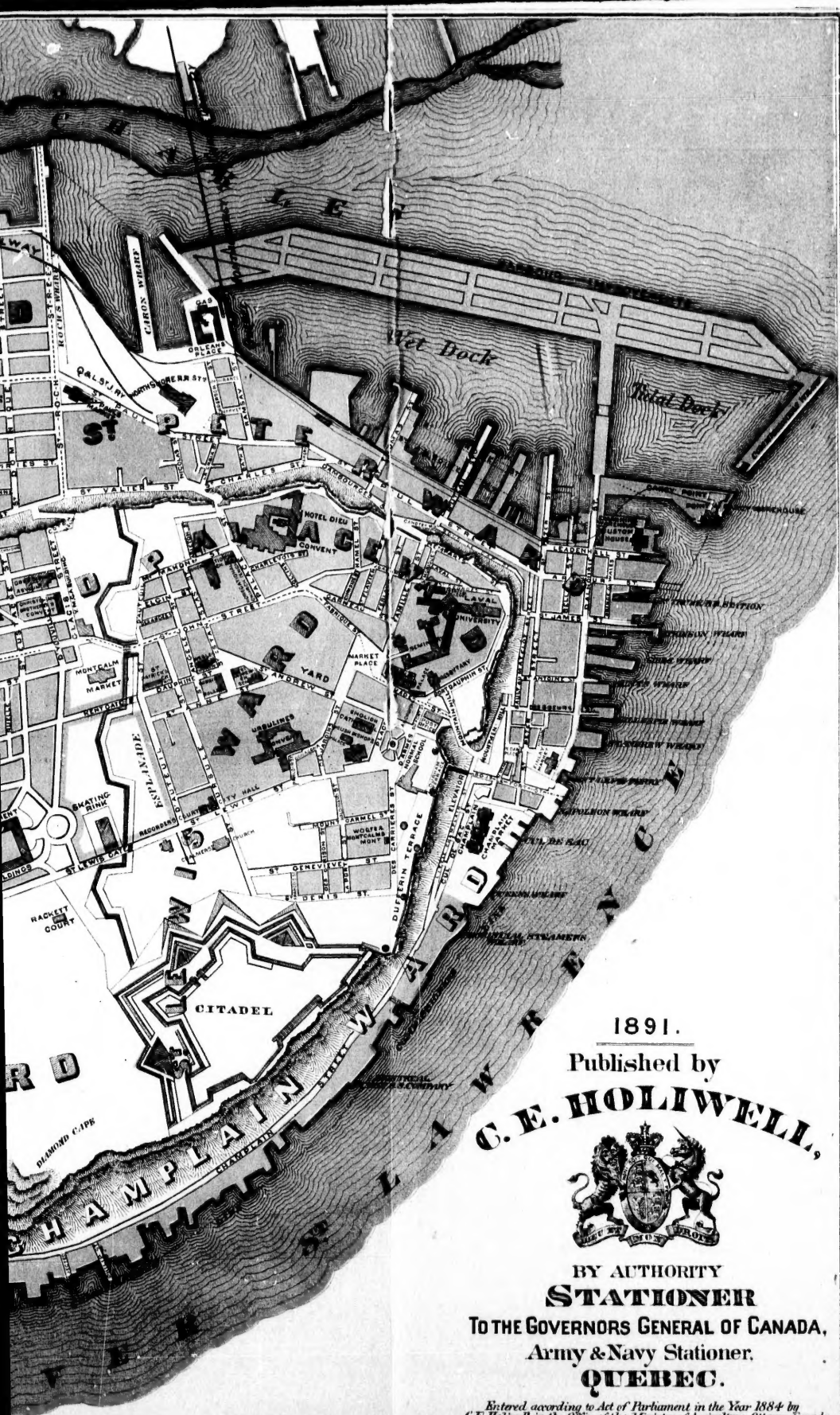
downward, and horses, as if in delirium, were galloping in every direction. I remained with my lady friend, while her husband sped onwards; we followed him at a distance, for we were unable to keep up with his rapid movements. The bride of a few months glided joyfully by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her husband, as he skilfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice; her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her seemingly unalloyed happiness, and the glad expression in her brown eyes showed me that love and life were to her synonymous. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I looked in the direction and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot and loud cries, but my attention was taken away from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to prevent her from falling and was holding her in my arms when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the cold, cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping to break through the icy fetters. As he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards and was then swept away for ever from our sight. Fortunately his young bride had fainted and was mercifully spared that despairing, anguished look, which shall never be forgotten by me through life's longest day. I conveyed to her home the young widow bride, who that day had been so happy, so loving, so loved, who that

night lay on her couch, and for many a succeeding day and night, the helpless prey of brain fever and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.









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